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ORDEAL AT OKINAWA

At night the enemy comes out of his caves and pillboxes to prowl and infiltrate. And the soldiers and marines who sit up and stay awake to welcome him are always glad to see the first light of dawn.

By EVAN WYLIE SP1c (PR) USCGR
YANK Staff Correspondent

OKINAWA, RYUKYUS—The G-2 captain was leery about calling it a typical night on Okinawa. But on the other hand, it should not be considered particularly unusual.

However G-2 wanted to classify it, the night of May 15 had been another night in the battle for Okinawa. And to infantrymen of the Army and Marine divisions inching south toward Naha, Shuri, and Yonabaru each day and each night was pretty much like another. The pattern was well established—planes and artillery pounded the positions; foot soldiers fought their way up each hill, held it against counterattacks, and fought their way down the reverse slopes. There were a lot of hills and a lot of Japs. Progress was slow and costly. When night came the men who had fought all day stopped trying to advance and dug in, not so much to sleep as to hide. For it was then that the enemy who did his daylight fighting from caves, tombs and concealed pillboxes came out to counterattack and infiltrate, to probe and harass. When dawn came he was gone again, leaving only the dead behind. And the tired men counted bodies and wondered how many they had really been fighting.

On the left flank the 96th Division moved slowly down the east coast toward Yonabaru. The 382d Infantry was trying to take Dick Hill. At 0700 on the 15th they moved forward. The Japs on the rear slopes blanketed them with mortars. Machine guns hidden in caves pinned them down. Snipers hung on their flanks. Men fought forward but casualties were heavy. By late afternoon there were only three noncoms and one officer left in L Company. The second and third platoons were combined to make one unit. At dusk they were halfway up the forward slope of Dick Hill. Word was passed to dig in for the night. This turned out to be not so easy as it sounded. Underneath a thin surface of churned earth and patches of torn grass lay a substantial stratum of shale; pack shovels made little impression on it. Long after dark some of the company were still digging. Others had doubled up, two or three in a one-man foxhole.

Sgt. Bill House of Portland, Ore., had a command hole in the center of the slope. It was hardly big enough for one but he was sharing it with S/Sgt. Ludas and Pfc. Donald Nordgren. The hole was cramped and uncomfortable but they had to give up trying to enlarge it. Every movement of an arm, leg or shoulder caused another cave-in in the wall of loose dirt they had erected around them to make up for the foxhole's shallow depth.

It began to rain, a steady, cold drizzle that brought with it a thick, clinging ground mist. The men ate a supper of C-ration meat-and-vegetable stew and set a night guard—one man on watch while the other two tried to sleep. House had the first watch. He settled himself in the limited space, one leg folded under him, his M1 across his knees.

In his mind he reviewed his position. His men were spread out across the slope. Further over to the left was K Company. That made that flank pretty secure. On the right, however, things were not so good. After the line crossed the slope it dropped back, leaving the company's flank exposed. House was more worried about the enemy coming in through there than he was about any attack directly down the slope.

The nightly artillery duel was under way. Jap heavy stuff rushed across the valley. House could hear it landing far behind the lines. American artillery became interested in the slope of Dick Hill. Shells whistled overhead and began bursting in Jap positions. The enemy replied with mortars. The first few rounds dropped haphazardly until some Jap was satisfied he had the range he wanted. Then they began to work the slope over methodically. Bursts moved up and down and across the hill. Each one was a little nearer to the center. House wanted to get down further in the hole but he was afraid to stop watching. The barrage might be a cover for an attempt at infiltration. He slid down as far as he dared, peering out into the murk through the slit formed between the rim of his helmet and the ground. Raindrops splattered mud in his face. Nordgren and Ludas stirred beneath the poncho.

"Mortars coming," House whispered. Both men muttered acknowledgment. They had not been asleep after all. Another round landed—about 40 feet away. The next would be either right on top of them or safely beyond. There was nothing to do but wait. House lay motionless, gritting his teeth. He knew the hole was not deep enough. Suddenly there was the quick whispering noise of shells coming. The men in the hole were fused together in a taut huddle of shrinking flesh. There were two blasts, very close, almost simultaneous. Dirt, mud and pieces of shale flew

A marine jumps from cover for a dash to another position, running through machine-gun fire.

into the hole. They waited for the next round. It landed further down the slope. Then, abruptly, the mortars stopped. The men stirred cautiously. Whispers went from hole to hole: "You guys over there OK?" "Yeah, we're all right. But that last sonuvabitch landed damn close."

House wondered how the new men were taking it. They had arrived late in the afternoon, green as hell and scared to death. When he had pointed to a spot on the slope and said, "All right, you guys, dig in here," they had looked at him with wide-open eyes as full import of what lay ahead from now on dawned on them. They wouldn't sleep much tonight. The rain came down harder. Miniature streams ran down the slope and eroded their way into the hole. The hill stank with the musty odor of dank earth and burned powder.

Suddenly gunfire started in down on the right. It was followed by muffled blasts and bursting grenades. Now what the hell was happening? "Hope those guys can handle them." The firing subsided. The time dragged. A message finally came up the hill: "Jap patrol trying to come around the right flank. Stand by for an attack." House passed the word along. Men prodded others into wakefulness. Mortars started in again. On the slope House and his men gripped their weapons and waited.

Down at the right where the gunfire had come from, Platoon Sgt. Richard Stickley of Detroit, Mich., T-5 Gurch and Pfcs. Kirby and Norman Shriner had ended the day in a foxhole on a knobby projection of ground close to the Jap lines. Somebody in the rear decided they should remain there as night outpost. Snipers had them pinned down, making any movement outside the hole impossible. Rations were tossed up to them. They ate them cold and settled down for the night. Jap artillery was falling short just in front of the hole. The four men ducked constantly as rocks and dirt, thrown up by explosions, rained down on them. Around 0230, Shriner nudged Stickley.

"There's something moving down there."

"Where?"

"Down there—coming uphill toward us. I've been watching him for about five minutes to make sure. Here he comes." A shadowy figure rose up and charged them. Shriner's carbine cracked five times. The figure screamed and rolled back downhill. The men lay and listened. Shriner said: "I think there was more than one of them." A noisy scuffle broke out further down the slope. Another Jap had jumped into a hole occupied by two men. Shriner's firing had alerted them and they were ready. One grabbed the Jap, the other battered him with the back of a shovel. Finally he stopped struggling. The men put two shots in the body and pushed it out of the hole. Nobody went back to sleep. When you get a couple like that it usually means there are more close by.

In the center of the island the 77th Division, closing in on the fortress of Shuri, had reached the forward slope of Chocolate Drop Hill. K Company, 307th Infantry, dug in for the night around its base. The rain that was bothering House was worrying them, too.

The Japs on the rear slope were altogether too active. Sgt. Thomas and Pfcs. McCurdy and Major huddled together under their poncho listening to the machine gun firing sporadically off on the right. The Japs, they decided, must be trying to sneak through over there. They strained their eyes, trying to pierce the mist. Suddenly Major yelled "Japs" and started shooting. The enemy was right on top of them. The slope flamed into activity. Dark shapes raced among foxholes hurling grenades. One blew himself up just before he reached Thomas' position. Then, just as suddenly as it had begun, the firing ceased. There were no more targets. Had they killed them all, the men wondered, or just driven them off?

The right-flank riflemen of the 22d Regiment, 6th Marine Division, had reached the banks of the Asato River and were looking into the rubble-strewn streets of Naha. The 3d Battalion had established a CP in the shelter of the ridge about 500 yards behind the front lines. The row of tombs set in the side of the ridge had been unsealed and then obligingly abandoned by the retreating enemy. The marines lost no time in moving in. Besides offering an escape from the rain, the tombs were perfect protection against all manner of shells. Some of them could withstand even a direct hit. The men spread their blankets, stretched out and talked in low tones about K Company. At 0230 that morning K Company had begun moving up the slope of Sugar Loaf Hill. At 0300 they had sent back the message: "We are on top and intend to stay here." The enemy was determined they wouldn't. Knee mortars fell like hail. Grenades flew back and forth. Snipers crept around the base of the hill and ambushed the amtracks trying to evacuate the wounded. Daylight brought no relief.

Six times the enemy *banzaied* a way to the

When GIs drove on Naha and Shuri in southern Okinawa they first had to take a hill known as the "Escarpment," a network of caves and pillboxes covering the approaches to the two cities. Here men of a combat-engineer outfit carry satchel charges up the "Escarpment" to blow out Jap cave entrances. They use ships' cargo nets to scale it.

As the infantry fought ahead on Okinawa, Jap machine-gun and sniper fire kept pinning them down. Here GIs are held up as a sniper works on them.

crest. Six times K Company threw them back. Not until almost noon did fighting subside long enough for another marine unit to relieve them. Seventy men had gone up the slope that morning; less than 30 came down. "Those guys had a lot of guts," someone said. It wasn't much of a remark but what the hell else could you say. Gradually conversations in the tombs died away. Except for the men on guard outside the CP, they slept. An hour or two passed. In one of the tombs Cpl. Paul Stewart of Waukesha, Wis., awoke with a start. A struggle was going on outside. He sat up, reaching for his carbine. Somebody tossed something inside the tomb. Instinctively Stewart rolled over against the wall. There was a deafening explosion as a grenade went off, killing the man next to him. Stewart was unhurt. He scrambled out of the tomb. Pfc. Spencer Klatt of Alton, Ill., had the grenade thrower by the throat and was slowly strangling him. The Jap gasped and kicked and bit Klatt's arm but Klatt wasn't letting go. Stewart used his carbine. The Jap stopped struggling and died.

He had not been alone. The whole CP area was swarming with Japs. Two tombs away a Lt. Brown of Denver, Colo., found himself face to face with a charging Nip. Brown killed him with his .45. Another jumped down from the top of the tomb with his hands full of grenades. Brown got him before he could pull the pins. In the midst of the confusion Pfc. Donald Houghtaling of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was trying to help the wounded. Plasma and a doctor were needed. The medic station was on the other side of the open field. Lt. Buenos Young of Ellington, Conn., risked the crawl to the message center and got the medics on the phone. "We have some wounded over here who need help. There are Nips all over the place, I don't know whether you can get through." Word came back over the phone: "We will try it."

The doctor, Lt. John Tuthill, and Infantry Lt. Davis Curtis started across the open field. They did not dare crouch for fear the men in foxholes would mistake them for the enemy. "We are marines," they called. "Let us through." They had gone about halfway when two figures rose up out of the darkness. Curtis had his .45 ready; he fired three shots at close range. The two officers ran about 10 yards and stopped to see if they were being followed but the Japs had disappeared. Curtis was very happy about it—he had only one round left in the .45. Tuthill cursed; when the Nips appeared he had been so startled he had dropped most of the plasma.

They tried another dash and this time they made it to the wounded. Just as he had feared, Tuthill found he needed more plasma. Another call went over to the medics. Corpsman George Perrault of Evanston, Ill., and a chief pharmacist's mate volunteered to bring over another load. In the middle of the field the Japs jumped them. The medics threw the case of plasma in their faces and took off. A grenade exploded behind them. The chief, hit by fragments, dropped to the ground. Perrault made it.

A game of blindman's buff was going on around the CP. Groups of marines moved cautiously about, stalking down Japs in the dark. When they sighted something there was a quick challenge. If there was no answer whatever, it was well sprayed with lead. Gradually they got things under control. But firing had started in down on the beach. Whether enemy survivors had retreated down there or a larger force was on its way up, the marines did not know. They dug in around the tombs and waited to find out.

Late that afternoon five amtanks of Able Company, 1st Armored Amphibian Battalion, had crawled into the sea on the west coast a few miles behind the lines, churned across the estuary and taken up positions on the beach just north of the mouth of the Asato River. Mounting a 75-mm pack howitzer and a .50-caliber machine gun in an open turret, they were there to discourage any attempt at a night counterlanding by bargeloads of Japs sneaking up from Naha. The beach was protected by a six-foot seawall. The platoon commander, Lt. R. Leroy Robertson of Memphis, Tex., deployed his tanks tight up against it in column formation. Two men remained on watch in each turret.

The tide, rising slowly, crept in across the reef. It reached the seawall and rose around the amtanks, lapping softly against their steel hulls. In tank No. 15, Pfc. Junior Howell of Muncie, Ind., munched a handful of salted peanuts. They were damp and sticky, but helped him to stay awake. In No. 11, Cpl. Alex Worden of Roslyn, N. Y., yawned and watched a figure approach, walking casually down the seawall. "Some damn marine," he thought. "Hey you," he called. "You want to get your butt shot off?" Instead of replying the figure turned and sauntered off in the opposite direction. Howell had heard Worden challenge. He looked down the wall. Suddenly he realized there were not one but several figures. "Shoot those sonuvabitches," he shouted through a mouthful of peanuts. "They're Nips."

In a foxhole nearby, tank commander Floyd Harvey of Colfax, Wash., stuck his head up to look around and pulled it right back in again. Howell's tracers were zipping overhead. Three dark forms rushed by the hole, bullets flying around them. Harvey made a dash for the turret. He jumped in, grabbed the machine gun and opened up on two more coming down hill toward the seawall. Other Japs were running around out on the reef. Tracers flew out to meet them. A dripping figure rose from a pothole, brandishing a grenade. Somebody dropped him. Lt. Robertson was shouting, "Don't let them get close. They may have satchel charges."

On the radio he called the amtank liaison officer back at the regimental CP: "You better give us some flares quick if you expect us to be around in the morning." Offshore a destroyer's gun crew went into action. Flares began bursting up and down the reef. Japs trapped in their glare made beautiful targets. On the interphone, Cpl. Daniel Sullivan of Los Angeles, Calif., pleaded, "Shoot 'em high, they may have nice sabers." The 3d Battalion CP, which had been having its own troubles, called down on the radio: "We can hear you firing, do you need any help?" Cpl. Harvey had an answer ready: "Yeah, send us down a bulldozer to help cover up these Nips." The CP was unimpressed. "Brother, you're not telling us anything new. We got 'em all over up here too."

Dawn came slowly. There was no sunrise, only gradual, almost imperceptible transition from darkness to misty daylight. Rain fell fitfully. Flares continued to burn weakly overhead. Along the front on Okinawa shivering men stood up, stretched and looked cautiously around. On the slope of Dick Hill, the cooks brought breakfast to Sgt. House and his men. Cold spaghetti and meat balls and water. Off to the right, Stickley's group cursed. Someone had passed off a batch of Australian rations on them. They tried to eat the hash but it had a funny taste. They mixed the tea with cold water and drank it. Then they went down the hill to look at the Japs killed during the night. They noted they were in good shape—healthy, clean, wearing almost new uniforms. "If they're all like this," one GI observed gloomily, "the bastards aren't even close to being licked."

On the west coast the 3d Battalion CP was evacuating its wounded. When dawn came they had found the chief pharmacist's mate still alive in the field he had tried to cross with the plasma. Unable to move, he had played dead all night.

Down on the beach the amtank men counted bodies in the shallows, scattered along the base of the seawall. Pvt. Sullivan had guessed right; some of them did have sabers. Damp wood sputtered and smoked. The marines were going to have bacon and coffee for breakfast. In the air there was suddenly a high, thick noise. It changed to a piercing whistle, ended in a tremendous crash a short distance down the beach. Before the men could make up their minds whether the shell was a freak more began to land around them. There was no doubt about it. Some Jap over in Naha had spotted them and was zeroing in. Lt. Robertson decided that this was too much. "Get your engines started," he shouted, "we're pulling out." The marines with their mess kits full of sizzling bacon hurdled the seawall and piled aboard. Engines roaring, five amtanks crunched painfully out across the reef in single file. If they could make deep water they would be fairly safe. Shells burst just behind the last one, throwing up geysers of mud and water. The crew ducked and thought about what perfect targets they must be making—"Like the line of beginners' targets in a shooting gallery," someone decided. The last tank bumped down in deep water. The Japs gave up. Platoon Sgt. John Spelce of Clearwater, Fla., looked back over his shoulders and shook his head. "What a helluva night that was," he said. "I thought it would never end."

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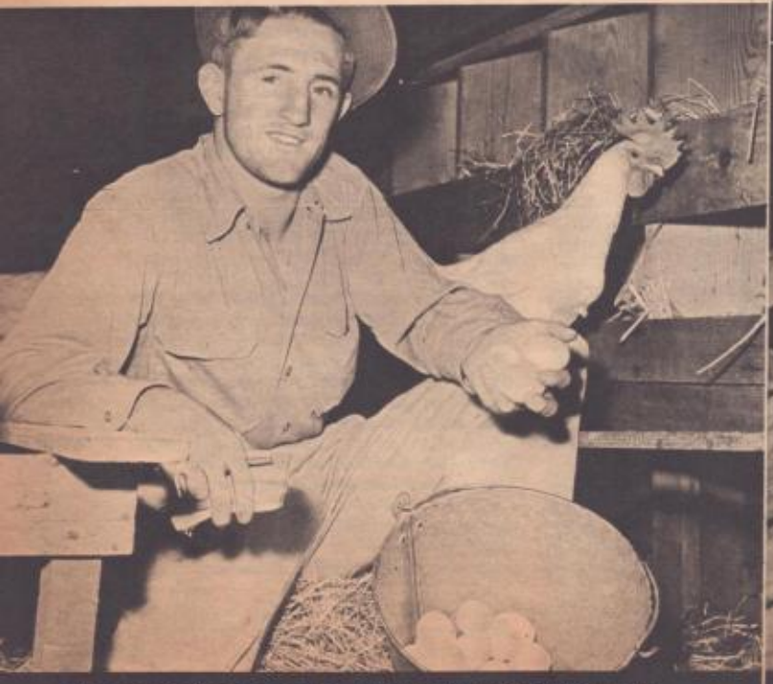
Sgt. Joseph Perry, of Heron Lake, Minn., takes his job as head medic seriously. He's looking for a sick hen.

NEW CALEDONIAN

Chicken Farm

This is one outfit that can't have enough chicken. The GIs who take care of them see to it that the birds stay on their nests, since they are expected to turn out 2,000 eggs a day for hospital patients. It's one round of bed check, sick call and entry taking after another. The farm is managed by a "chicken platoon" under the command of Lt. Harold H. Stephens of Jonesboro, Ark., formerly of the Farm Security Administration. Mess sergeant for the fowls is Sgt. William Steed, head chicken medic is Sgt. Joseph Perry, and Pvts. Paris Linville Jr. and Myron Hart act as permanent CQs. Of course all this chicken wasn't in New Caledonia before the Army got there. The hens were shipped from Australia when fresh eggs were needed.

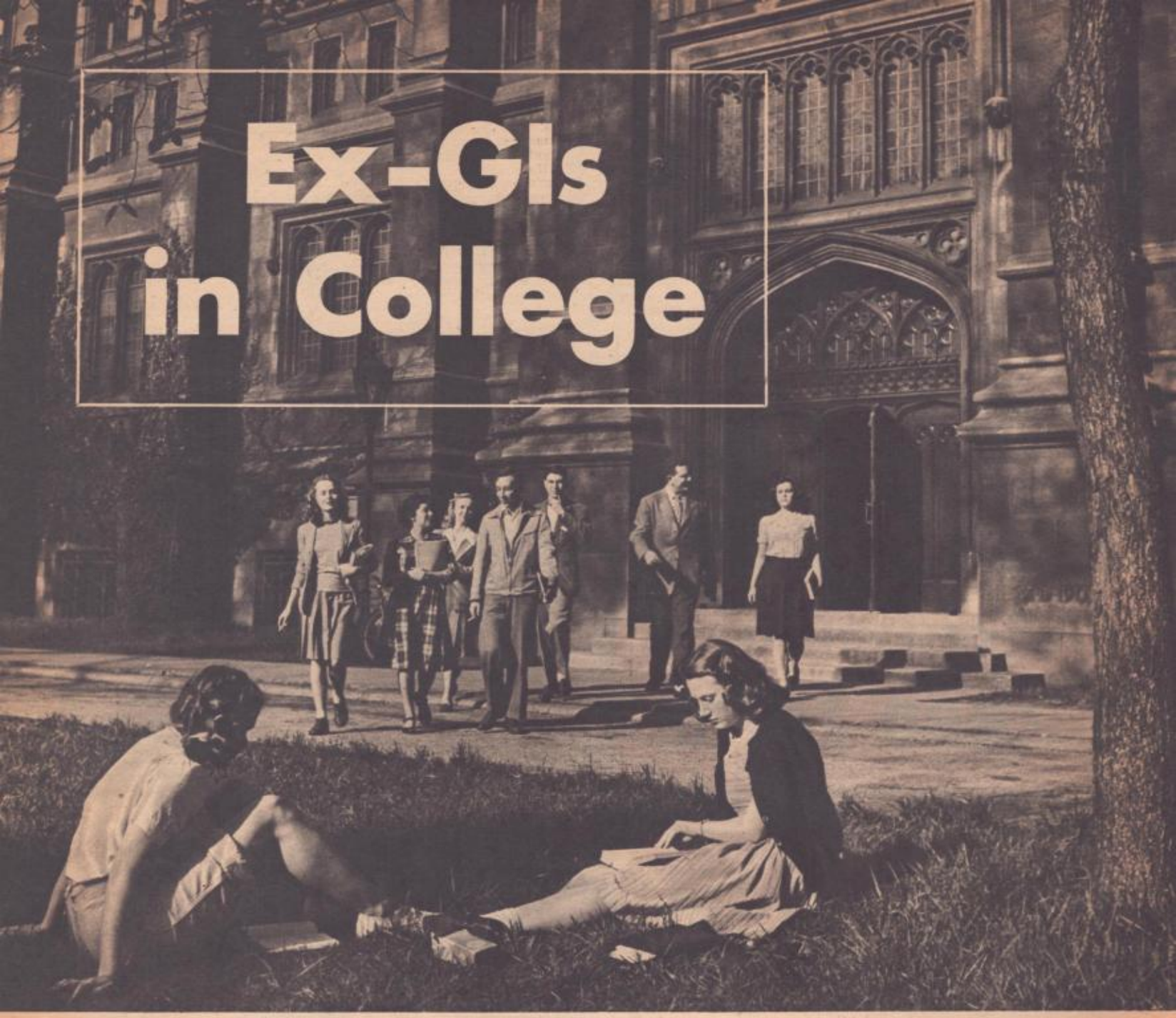
Pfc. John Slay of Chipley, Fla., dishes out the chow daily for the hens.



It's egg-gathering time for Pfc. Laurence Weeks of Barre City, Vt.

Sgt. Perry and Pvt. Joseph Walker of Wichita, Kans., wash down a hen's "CC" pill.

Ex-GIs in College



Some ex-servicemen leave one of the college buildings at the University of Chicago with their fellow students who are proof that co-education is a nice thing.

The 23,478 discharged servicemen already back in college are running into plenty of personal problems and have started a big controversy among university officials about how they should be handled but generally speaking they're making out fine.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

IN February 1945, a boy named Harold Baumgarten went back to the New York University Arts College, resuming his studies as a freshman. A few months later, Baumgarten was playing in a varsity ball game against Fordham.

Now there is nothing remarkable about this, except that as Pvt. Harold Baumgarten of the Bronx, N. Y., he had stepped on to Omaha Beach at H-Hour, D-Day with his 29th Division assault company and an 88-mm shell fragment ripped away the left half of his face—teeth, cheek and gums. Nevertheless, he kept moving with his BAR.

Before he was evacuated 36 hours later, he was wounded four times more. Shell fragments creased his skull, an S-mine shattered his knee, and machine-gun bullets smashed the small bones of his right foot.

He was discharged from a hospital in the States on February 12, 1945. Two days later he was back in college.

Baumgarten is pretty typical of the 23,478 discharged veterans who are already going to college under the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. While he was in the hospital, Baumgarten read the literature on various colleges provided in Army kits and made up his mind about returning to NYU to prepare for medicine.

His sister, Ethel Yates, phoned the Arts College veterans' counselor, Assistant Dean Winthrop Ranney, and asked about Baumgarten's return. Ranney looked up Baumgarten's pre-induction college record. "Send him over as soon as he gets out of the hospital," he said.

When Baumgarten showed up, the semester had already begun. The 20-year-old veteran filled out the necessary Form 1950 right in Ranney's office. Ranney sent the form immediately to James Gaynor, the university's Veterans' Administration man. Baumgarten immediately started classes—the university itself staking him to tuition, books and laboratory equipment out of its own funds, months before official approval came through from the Veterans' Administration.

There is no trouble at all getting to college today under the terms of the GI Bill of Rights. All you have to do is apply. The only difficulty is the delay while the application goes through VA channels, but most colleges, like NYU, lean over backwards to ease the burden for the vet until the certificate of eligibility arrives.

Of the 23,478 vets now in college, 16,404 are under the GI Bill. The other 7,074 are under Public Law 16. If you are disabled, you have a choice of either.

Under the GI Bill you get tuition, books and equipment up to $500 a year, plus $50 a month subsistence ($75 if you have dependents).

Under Public Law 16, you get $92 a month ($103.50 if you are married, plus $5.25 for each child). This includes your pension. You also get annual tuition, books, etc. up to any amount. But you have to take examinations to determine your suitability for your chosen future career, and the Veterans' Administration can limit your education to any length of time it sees fit.

Of the vets now in college, 1,957, or more than 8 percent, are at New York University alone. This highlights an interesting controversy over the veteran problem which has torn the educational world in two.

One side in this controversy is led by Robert Hutchins, the University of Chicago's unorthodox young president, who claims that the educational

provisions of the GI Bill of Rights were rushed through Congress without the consultation of educators and that, as a result, there are flaws in the bill that can wreck American education and convert a frightening number of veterans into what he calls "educational hoboes."

According to Dr. Hutchins, who drove an ambulance in Italy as a buck private in the last war and claims to have the GI point of view, there is no protection for the veteran in the law. "Money-hungry colleges," he says, "will attempt to grab off all the vets they can—together with their $500 apiece. Many veterans will be taking four-year courses, in such subjects as Diesel engines and air conditioning, that they could just as well get from industrial vocational schools in a few months. And many other vets will wrongly be wasting time in college when they would be better off getting a job."

Hutchins also claims that vets will be misled into studying for already-crowded professions, in which there is no future. He adds, however, that the dangers of the GI Bill will become serious only if there is a period of mass unemployment after demobilization. Otherwise, he thinks, the number of veterans who want to go to college instead of getting a job will be small anyway.

Hutchins believes that the law should be amended to provide for a national system of psychological-aptitude tests, in which a man would have to prove himself capable of absorbing a college education before obtaining GI educational benefits. He also thinks the university should pay half of the veteran's tuition, as a means of deterring greedy institutions. "Education," he says, "should be for those who can profit from it. Otherwise, it is a waste of the veteran's time and the taxpayer's money."

The Hutchins point of view seems to be in the minority. Vigorously upholding the other side of the controversy is New York University. Prof. Mario Giannini of the NYU College of Engineering takes direct issue with Hutchins on two major points. "In the first place," he says, "it is the responsibility of the colleges to provide post-high-school vocational-technological training—not industry, where there is neither time nor inclination for schools of this sort. This is the only way the veteran can be kept out of the hands of shyster trade schools, such as those which set up in an empty store and claim to teach drafting or radar overnight."

Giannini also disagrees with Hutchins' plan for national tests to determine a vet's eligibility for GI educational rights. He says: "The best test of a man's ability to get through college is the first half of the freshman year. Here, for instance, if he does well in mathematics, physics and drawing, we know he's got the ability to go on and study engineering."

"In this way, the most you can waste is a few hundred dollars of the Government's money and a few months of the veteran's time. Sure, we're liberalizing our freshman entrance standards, but our sophomore standards remain the same, and at least we're giving the vet an opportunity. Even if we salvage two dozen good engineers this way, it's well worth it to the country."

Elwood C. Kastner, registrar of the university, points out that whereas the present total of 23,478 veterans in college is only a tiny fraction of the more than 1,000,000 men who have already been discharged, the final total will be considerable even if the percentage of veterans entering college doesn't increase.

"There are 12,000,000 men in the armed forces," he says, "and 12 times 23,478 is nearly 280,000. That is not a figure you can ignore."

Concerning NYU policy, Kastner says flatly: "We will admit every veteran who left this university to go into service. They have first right here. Over and above that, we will admit all other veterans who qualify, insofar as our space and staff will allow. We will go all out. We will have classes six days a week, day and night. And we don't need the students. We have more than we need already. We consider it an obligation."

As a result, veterans get every possible break at NYU, and other universities following the same line of thinking. At NYU's Washington Square College and the School of Commerce, there is a special course, approved by the Veterans' Administration, to teach rusty vets how to get back to studying again. At the College of Engineering, there is a special mathematics refresher course for vets, to enable them to brush up and compete with the 16-year-olds just out of high school. Dean William Baer of the Arts College is instituting a new curriculum in the social sciences to prepare vets for careers in international relations. The College of Engineering is planning short, intensive vocational courses, specifically to train men for jobs.

But despite the battle raging among the respective educators, the veterans at both the University of Chicago and New York University seem to be doing all right. There were 183 vets at the University of Chicago at the beginning of the last school year. Of these, none was kicked out, and 138 stayed through the year.

Of those who left, five were graduated and the rest withdrew voluntarily or had relapses from their wounds or disabilities. One man tried to stay on through 30 insulin-shock treatments and finally had to give up. He is coming back next semester. There were only three "educational hoboes," all of whom left of their own accord after their first exams.

At New York University, the scholastic average of the veterans is slightly higher than the average of the other students. At Chicago, it is about the same. This represents quite a victory for the men involved. Joe Mankovitz, for example, is a freshman in the NYU College of Engineering. He is 29. The other students in his class are 16 and 17.

Mankovitz was graduated from an Astoria, L. I., high school 12 years ago. Then he kicked around a bit and eventually ran a fruit-and-vegetable store. In 1942, he enlisted in the Coast Guard and became interested in Diesel engines. He was in on the North African invasion in 1942, putting part of the 9th Division ashore in his LCI. At Licata in Sicily he went under fire again with the 9th, and then with the British Dunham Light Infantry. Just before D-Day, he got a medical discharge, and became a civilian.

But the Diesels really had him. He decided to become an engineer. So ex-MoMM3c Joe Mankovitz goes to school every day with the 16-year-old kids, straining to keep up with them, studying twice as hard to get his rusty memory going again. He's doing it, too. "He'll make a good engineer some day," says Giannini.

Another man who had a pretty tough time is Ed Wood of Chicago. Young Wood was an ASTP student fooling around with engineering, when he was suddenly yanked out last summer and thrown into a repple depple. He became an infantry replacement in the 7th Armored Division.

Wood went all the way across France with the 7th Armored. Just outside of Metz, when Patton ran into his first stiff resistance, it was the armored infantry of the 7th that got tapped. Wood was digging in alongside a canal when the position was straddled by 88 fire. Wood got it in the head and in the buttocks. He was paralyzed for months. He didn't even know the name of the city where he had been hit. He just knew it was "great big place down the highway from Verdun."

Wood came back to the University of Chicago a month after he was discharged from the Mayo Hospital. "I had a hell of a time studying," he says. "I had a hell of a time sitting down to try to concentrate on anything for three hours at a stretch." But the university carefully helped Wood select general courses in things he is interested in. They avoided the complicated engineering courses he never wanted to take anyway. So today Wood is loaded up with literature. "I'm reading Shakespeare and Thomas Mann until they're coming out of my ears," he says. "But at least I'm reading. And by this time, I find I want to read. I'm getting good grades. Next term, I'll choose my career and specialize."

Many of the vets who are in college now would not have been able to go without the GI Bill of Rights or Public Law 16. Others would have had to struggle their way through by working at the same time. Ex-Lt. Walter Eaton of Los Angeles, for instance, was graduated from UCLA in 1938, and kicked around trying to write and sell sociological essays. He was handicapped by his lack of advanced degrees, but he didn't have nearly enough money to go back to college.

Then came three years in the Army, a hitch in New Caledonia, a siege of dengue fever and a discharge. Today, at 29, Eaton is taking his master's and doctor's degrees at the University of Chicago under the GI Bill of Rights. When he gets out, he can teach or write or both.

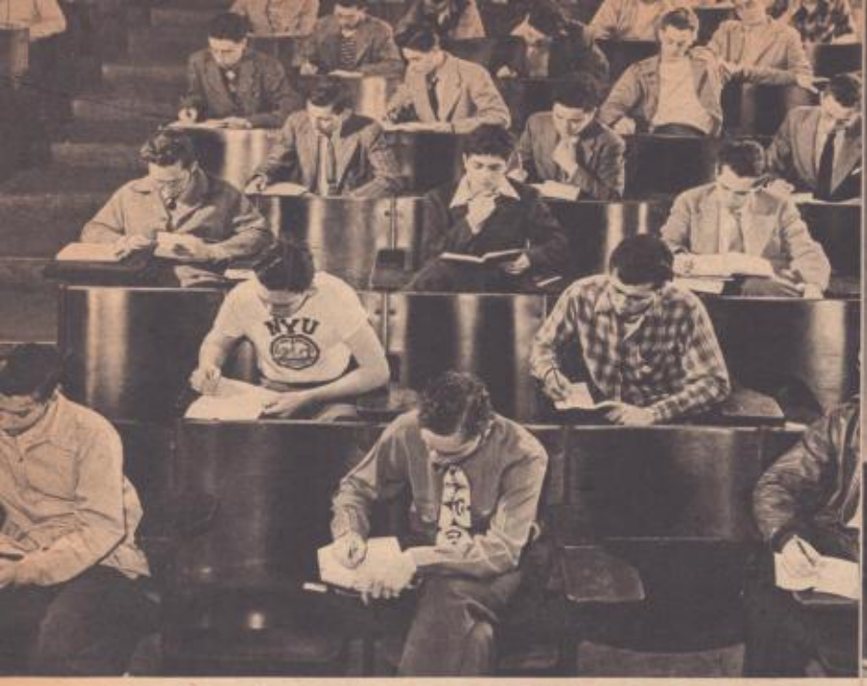
Another man with a similar story is a 36-year-old former International League baseball player who came dashing in to see Registrar Kastner at New York University as soon as he got off the boat. He hadn't even been discharged at the time. After four years in the Army, the ballplayer was now too old to go back to big-time baseball, and he didn't want to fool around with Class C and Class D leagues. So he registered immediately to study for a degree in physical education.

He is in the NYU School of Education now, and in three years he will be a high-school coach and physical-training instructor in his home town. "This new career," he says, "would not have been possible without the GI Bill of Rights."

Younger men have been benefited this way, too. Aaron Smith was working at the Anaconda Wire and Cable Company, and going to the NYU College of Engineering at night, before he became a rifleman in the 63d Division. Today, he is going to school in the daytime. He will get his electrical engineering degree next March, instead of three years from now.

James Higgins, who was a navigator in the

Edward Wood, former armored infantryman, burns midnight oil in his room at the University of Chicago.



Veterans and 16-year-olds are in this freshman class at New York University.

Harold Baumgarten, wounded five times in France, is now playing ball at NYU.

Eighth Air Force, is back at the University of Chicago. His wife, Dolores, is working and attending classes there, too, and he is getting along all right on his officer's retirement pay of $112.50 a month. He says flatly: "I would have had to give up the idea of a teaching career completely, if it hadn't been for the GI Bill."

Joseph Trotter, of Englewood, N. J., an ex-GI at NYU, says, "I'd be working at a drill press in a New Jersey factory today instead of studying to be an engineer."

Many men have changed careers as a result of their Army experience. Daniel Fruchter of New York City, for example, studied forestry at Syracue University before he enlisted in the Army in 1939 and went through the attack on Pearl Harbor with the 25th Division. He was sent to OCS and became a field artillery officer with the 106th Division. He also became an expert in field-artillery survey, and decided that forestry just wasn't for him. Today he is studying engineering under the GI Bill at New York University.

THE process for getting into college under the GI Bill is very simple: *1)* The veteran fills out Form 1950 which is available at all Veterans' Administration offices, colleges, and Government information agencies; *2)* he sends this form to the Veterans' Administration office nearest his home; *3)* the Veterans' Administration investigates the vet's service record to make sure that he was not dishonorably discharged, etc., and sends the vet a letter of eligibility; *4)* the vet takes this letter of eligibility to any approved college or university in the United States or abroad, and if he meets the entrance requirements of the university, he is admitted; *5)* the university sends a certification to the Veterans' Administration stating that the vet has been admitted, and listing the courses he is taking; *6)* the Veterans' Administration sends a letter of approval, if they find the college and the courses satisfactory.

The vet is then formally registered under the GI Bill. The Veterans' Administration pays his fees, and eventually, after months of kicking around in channels, the vet's subsistence money comes through.

Once a veteran enters a college, he becomes indistinguishable from the other students on the campus, except for the button in his lapel. That's the way the vets want it, and most colleges respect their wishes regarding non-segregation. Most colleges, however, have set up machinery for helping vets out with their special problems.

At New York University, there is a veterans' counselor at each of the colleges of the university. These are regular student advisors, like Giannini, Ranney and Prof. James F. Clyne, a veteran of the last war. These counselors help the men when they get tangled up with their studies. They also help them out with family problems, and get the university to lend them money if that's necessary.

Ranney even laid $50 out of his own pocket once, when a man's subsistence was slow in coming through from the VA. Eventually, faculty members now in the armed forces will move into these counselor jobs at NYU, when they themselves become veterans.

AT the University of Chicago, veterans get breaks in several respects, despite Hutchins' published statements. First, each man, taking a placement test to determine how advanced his studies should be, gets full credit for things he picked up in the Army (like internal-combustion engines, radio and trigonometry) provided he shows on the test that he knows enough about the subject.

Secondly, there is a full-fledged veterans' advisor, Dean Zens Smith, who rose from private to captain in the Air Corps in France in the last war. Smith is said to do a beautiful job with veterans' problems. He gets men straightened out in all sorts of scholastic dilemmas.

A vet came rushing in one day, furious about having to sign an attendance register every day. "This is the last straw," he screamed. "When I got out of the Army, I was through with regimentation." Smith reflected on this for a few minutes. Then he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you give me your word that you'll let me know if you leave the university, *I'll* sign the book for you every day." The offer was accepted.

Smith instituted an innovation which has gone over very well with the veterans. Each man carries a little allotment book. Every time the vet has to pay for something on the campus, the bursar or the bookstore merely makes an entry in the book for payment by the Veterans' Administration later on, instead of accepting cash, as in the case of a regular student.

The vets at the University of Chicago have set up something themselves which is proving quite helpful. They have a Veterans' Council, presided over by Si Wygodny, a big, extremely capable, former 26th Division MP. Wygodny, who is now studying for his master's degree in business administration, says he was elected president because he cut a three-hour class to attend the first meeting, and the other veterans said, "Anyone who has guts enough to cut a three-hour class at the University of Chicago is for us," so he was nominated and elected at that first meeting.

The organization appears to be pretty powerful and represents the veterans in all official matters on the campus. One of its principle functions is to help out all veterans, especially the younger ones; who are having a tough time getting along. If a kid is having trouble getting back to study, for instance, he can get much better advice from another vet who has been through the same thing himself.

At first, this organization, and veterans' groups like it on other American campuses, caused much fear and resentment among the civilian students. The other students thought that these more mature men would move in like a high-pressure organization and take over everything on the campus. So far this hasn't happened. The veterans tend to mind their own business. They stay out of campus politics as a group. And the fear and resentment have dwindled a good deal.

Although they're a serious, hard-working lot, getting along very well scholastically, everything is not a gravy train for the vets. Nearly all of them have a hell of a time getting back to studying again, and complaints are practically unanimous about the slowness of the VA in providing their subsistence money. Also, they feel that the $50 or $92 subsistence allowances aren't half enough. Hutchins himself says, "Fifty dollars a month is absurd for living in Chicago. If anyone can qualify for college in an examination, he should get a greatly increased allowance."

The general feeling is that these allowances don't take into consideration the high cost of living in the States today. At NYU the situation is alleviated a bit by allowing all veterans to eat at the Army officers' mess, at 60 cents a meal.

Another big problem for the vets is trying to get along with the 16-and-17-year-old kids now cluttering the campuses. When a boy reaches 18 today he is drafted, so there are very few civilian students over 17. Si Scharer, who is 26 and has been married for years, got so fed up with the adolescent titterings in a "Marriage and the Family" course at NYU, that he finally had to drop the subject. Ed Wood lives at one of the University of Chicago dormitories, Burton Judson Court. He often has to lock himself in his room in order to get his work done. The constant topic of conversation of the kids in his dormitory is "When are we going to get drafted?" They bring their questions to Wood.

THERE is very little hazing or foolishness on American college campuses today, but when it occurs veterans are seldom mixed up in it. On one occasion when this happened, the incident ended up in near-disaster.

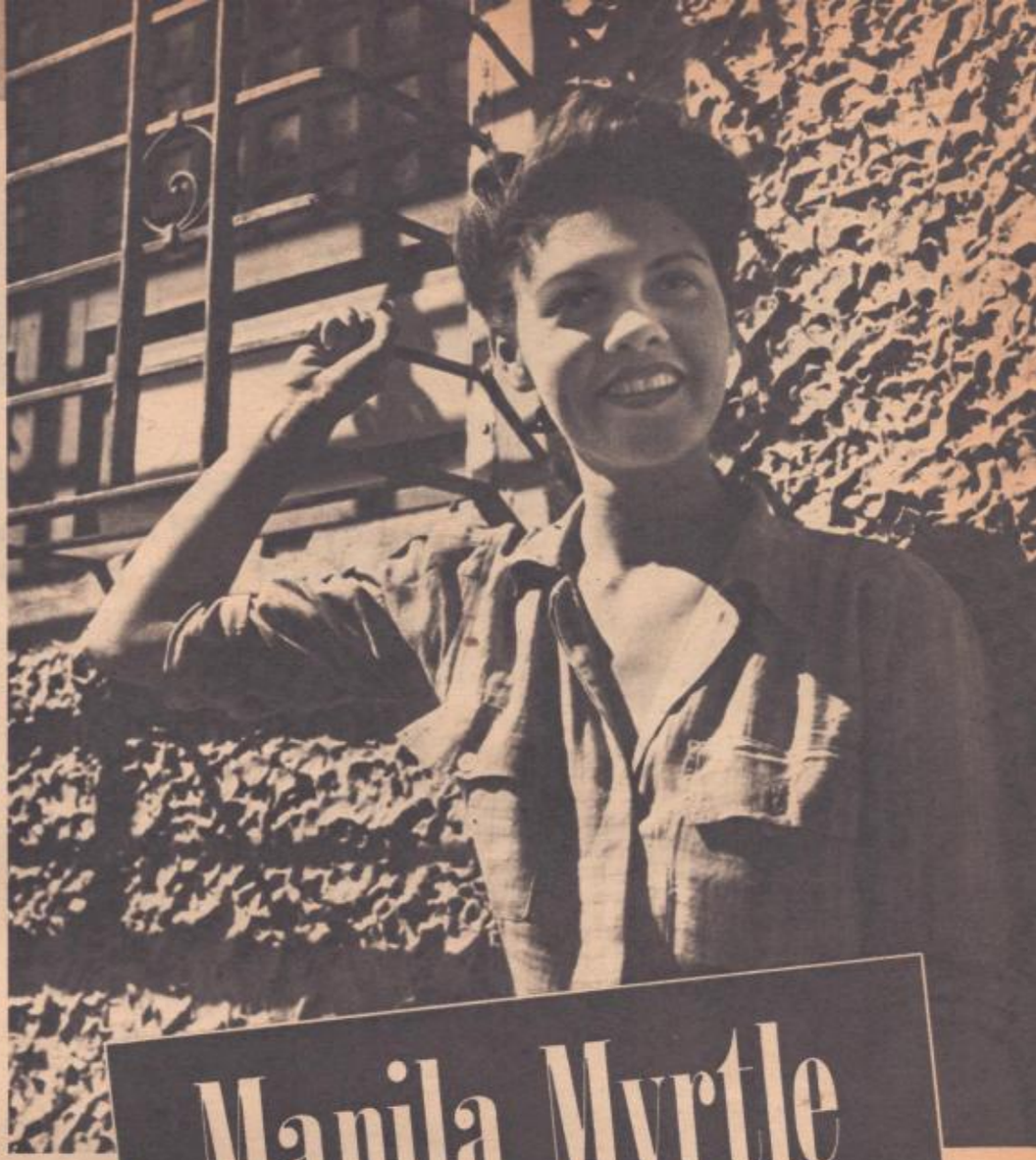
On the University College campus of New York University, there is a flower-lined walk called the Mall, on which only juniors and seniors are allowed to stroll. It's a short-cut from Ohio Field to the library, one end of the campus to the other. A Junior Mall Committee, armed with wooden paddles, stands guard at all times to prevent any infringements by freshmen or sophomores.

One day a freshman absent-mindedly came walking down the Mall. The commitee, which had not had any business for a long time, rubbed its hands in glee and swooped down en masse on the lone frosh. For the next 10 minutes there was the ugly sound of human flesh getting bruised and expensive shrubbery getting broken. Then all was quiet. The freshman continued unimpeded down the Mall.

Behind him, a half-dozen or so junior bodies were strewn about in the violet beds. The freshman was a veteran of four campaigns with a combat MP platoon in Africa, Sicily and Italy.

The next day, Maurel Hunkins, faculty director of student activities, announced that thereafter veterans would be excluded from all hazing.

The same day, another decree, unrelated but equally noteworthy, was handed down. Veterans, the decree said, would not have to take the college's compulsory military-training course.



Manila Myrtle

When this poor man's Tokyo Rose included "Fight on for Old Notre Dame" on her propaganda program, her sponsors didn't like it.

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANILA—Myrtle, a kind of poor man's Tokyo Rose, used to broadcast over Radio Manila to "the boys in the Southwest Pacific" between 1700 and 1800, East Asia Time, every afternoon. Myrtle's Crosley rating of interested listeners probably wasn't as high as that of the more famous Tokyo propaganda pretty, but her program, "Memory Lane," was much the same as Rose's—seven or eight Stateside recordings, vintage of 1941, and roughly four minutes of patter about "those crisp football afternoons back home. . . . Jim and Ann in Jim's new Ford. . . . I understand Ann finally married George; she didn't think Jim was ever coming home. . . ."

Myrtle is off the air now. She was living quietly, as the screen magazines would say, with her mother and sister in a middle-class Manila suburb when we knocked at her door one afternoon recently. Somebody inside said, "Who is it?" Our guide, who used to work for Radio Manila under the Jap occupation, said, "Freddie. You know me." There was the noise of bolts and bars being undone and the door opened a couple of inches. Freddie did some more talking and we got inside. And met Myrtle.

Myrtle is 22, about five feet four, an American mestiza (halfbreed) with dark brown eyes, black hair and the kind of complexion generally described as golden brown. She has starlet's legs to go with all the rest of it.

When we questioned her, Myrtle said yes, she smoked and drank—did we have anything with us? Her voice and her expressions were American with just a trace of accent.

She had gone to high school and to a girls' college in Manila and then spent a year in Shanghai before the war, just "seeing the town." She wasn't doing anything—and she wasn't by any stretch of the imagination a Joan of Arc type—when, in March 1944, the Japs decided to beam propaganda to the Southwest Pacific from Manila. Some friends who worked for Radio Manila on local shows told Myrtle the Japs were looking for American voices. In fact, the friends themselves were Japs. Myrtle wasn't choosey.

Myrtle visited the station, got an audition and a job. "But I'm not pro-Jap," she insisted to us. "I'm not pro-American either. I'm pro-Filipino."

Myrtle's boss at the station was a Jap named Omhura, a civilian Department of Information employee and not, said Myrtle, "such a bad old guy." The rumor around Manila, where Myrtle was well known and on her way to becoming better than well known—or notorious—had it that Omhura didn't think Myrtle was so bad either.

An American-born Jap, Buddy Uno, wrote Myrtle's scripts, full of malarkey about "the good old days and moonlight nights in Central Park with Betty who later married a 4-F who worked at Du Pont. . . ."

"Melody Lane" ran 30 minutes originally and was beamed on two bands to New Guinea. Myrtle didn't want to use her own name on the air, so in the original script she was "Mary." But that was Myrtle's first time on the air and signing off she forgot herself and said "Myrtle."

Omhura clapped his hands over that. He said it made the program seem so personal. So Myrtle was Myrtle from there on in. She was paid 230 Jap pesos per month cash and the rest of her salary in rations—rice, fish, soap, matches, sugar and so on.

"We worked for the rations," Myrtle told us. "With my salary, every month, I bought a pack of American cigarettes." Myrtle didn't say so, but, since the black-market price of American cigarettes during the occupation ran from 800 to 1,000 pesos, she may have had to do a little outside work for her monthly pack.

Omhura suggested, now and then, that Myrtle listen to Tokyo Rose and model her program accordingly. Rose's technique, he said, "so appealed to the Americans."

"But my program was not a propaganda broadcast," Myrtle said. "It was just entertainment—just something to remind the fellows in New Guinea about the places back home." It's anybody's guess whether Myrtle believed this balderdash.

Anyway, she was on the air and, as of the moment she first stepped before a Radio Manila microphone, she was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. She was "pro-Jap" to loyal Filipinos and simply another far-from-trusted employee to the Japs. The Kempitai—the Jap Gestapo—investigated, trailed and questioned her regularly. Five to six each afternoon Myrtle purred to the boys in the Southwest Pacific, but she was never left alone in the studio. "There were always Japs around," she told us, "civilians, but they all carried guns and swords." Myrtle got pushed around a little once when she suggested somebody slice rice cakes with his sacred Samurai. She thought about quitting a couple of times, too, but the Japs politely reminded her that that would lead to nobody's murder but her own. And, some say, the last neck in the world that Myrtle might have risked was her own.

When Radio Manila was at last convinced of the success of the Leyte landings (Myrtle thought we'd stormed those beaches and stayed ashore on October 28, eight days after we actually did), the station dropped Myrtle's continuity and switched to an hour program of alleged news and recordings. Myrtle became "Margie," the girl who changed the records and ad libbed titles on the program. Certain records were taboo. "He's My Uncle," for one, of course, and an innocent little ditty entitled "Mary Dear" in which a GI comes home to a wench who didn't marry a war worker after all, was another one.

Myrtle, at first, could select her own records. Then, one day, she went overboard on college songs, "Fight on for Old Notre Dame" among them. Radio Manila got a snide note from Tokyo about that. Seems Tokyo adjudged such songs would raise the fighting spirit of the Americans then fighting on Leyte—and they wanted no part of that. Omhura was fired and exiled to Java over the incident, and another American-born Jap, Ken Murayama, took over. Coincidentally, Ken became quite a friend of Myrtle's.

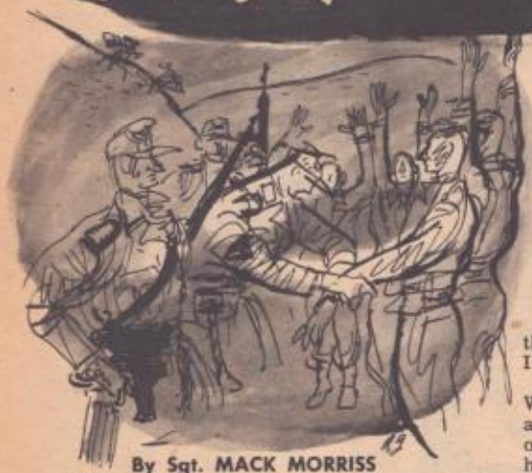
When the Lingayen landings happened, Radio Manila's Crosley took another dive. On the Thursday before the lead elements of the 1st Cavalry Division entered the city, Myrtle quit and got away with it. One of her friends, incidentally, still working a local show at 2100 of the evening the 1st Cavalry smashed into Santo Tomas, closed his program with "The Stars and Stripes Forever"—and got away with it, too.

Myrtle had always wondered whether or not the boys in the Southwest Pacific listened to her program. Her fan mail obviously was limited. When we told her yes, we had heard "Melody Lane," she said, "Oh, I'm so glad. Did you like it?"

And that might be the end of Myrtle's story, but we revisited her home the following afternoon to get some more pictures. Again there was some trouble with the door, then Myrtle's mother peered out. Myrtle's sister appeared behind her. They were crying. Myrtle, they explained, was gone. Just gone, period. They'd been out the evening before. When they came home—no Myrtle.

Freddie, still with us, gurgled a couple of times and that afternoon turned himself in to the local authorities.

PVT. McQUIRE, E. CO., NAZI SLAVE



A rifleman from the 34th Division, who was captured near Faid Pass in Tunisia, talks about his two years and three months as prisoner of the Nazis.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

CAMP LUCKY STRIKE, ST. VALERY-EN-CAUX, FRANCE — The story starts about here: February 15, 1943, in Tunisia—the U. S. and Allied forces are fighting defensively against two German columns which have broken through American artillery positions west of Faid Pass in a 20-mile thrust which imperils the American anchor at Gafsa, to the south . . .

The 2d Battalion had 10 men on an outpost and the highest rank in the bunch was a pfc. The 10 men sat on high ground and watched a tank battle below them. It was one tank battle that the Americans lost.

For some reason the outpost had no communications with the battalion. They didn't have anything but two five-gallon cans of water and a growing anxiety. There was no way to get through to the battalion except by direct contact, and there was no way for them to establish direct contact. Nobody gave them the order to fall back, so nobody fell back.

Then two radio men came up and said that the battalion had moved. The men said that the battalion had moved without telling them on the other end of the line. They said they never had a peep out of the battalion, no radio contact at all.

On February 16, Marshal Erwin Rommel, using veteran tank fighters and his heaviest armor, smashed the American counter-attack and made an 18-mile thrust into central Tunisia, a total advance of 35 miles in three days.

About noon that day the outpost found out for certain that the battalion had moved. Led by the pfc, the 10 of them started back for the hills behind them and in the hills they ran across 24 other GIs and two lieutenants who said they had been caught in a cross fire and had to get out. They began their retreat together now, 34 GIs and two officers, and it was night.

They retreated for eight hours and then they came to a ravine and some of the men were so exhausted that they said they couldn't go any farther if they didn't stop to rest. So they stopped. Some of them started to dig in and some just went to sleep on top and the hell with it.

Pvt. James McQuire of Co. E, 168th Infantry, 34th Division, was part of the 10-man outpost. McQuire had been in combat exactly 15 days. He had been in the Army exactly six months. He had, officially, fired exactly 10 rounds with his basic weapon, M1. He had never fired an aimed shot at a German soldier.

"It was getting light and all of a sudden there were some shots," he said. "Nobody got hurt. Somebody yelled down that we were surrounded and that we'd better give up or they'd kill us all. The lieutenant said we were surrounded. I don't know whether we were or not. I'm just a buck private. The lieutenant said we'd surrender.

"I was so tired and hungry I didn't care. Anyway they said they'd kill us if we didn't and they could have done it too. They told us to come up where they were. I didn't care anymore. I didn't think one way or the other about being a prisoner. I was just too tired."

Jim McQuire is a stocky kid from Tacoma, Wash. He has thick blond hair and grayish eyes and even teeth with thin rims of gold on a couple of them. He enunciates very carefully but his accent is clipped so that until you get used to it you miss a word or two now and then. He was 22 years old when he was captured. He went to Roy High School in Tacoma and when he got out he worked for a grocery company and did some running around. Right after Pearl Harbor he tried to get into the Navy and they turned him down because he is color-blind. Jim went into the Army on August 18, 1942. As soon as his two-week induction furlough was finished, he went down to Georgia to a new school for paratroops. The 506th was there then.

"They told me that if your eyes were 20-20 and your blood pressure was all right you were in. They needed fellows in paratroops then. They didn't tell me that if you were color-blind you were out."

McQUIRE pulled guard and KP in Georgia for a few days and then he and some other people were sent to Camp Kilmer, N. J. On October 3 he sailed for England aboard the Queen Elizabeth. On November 10 he sailed for Africa as part of a replacement company. Eleven days later they hit Algiers and McQuire was handed over to the 34th; his outfit at the time was guarding an airfield 16 kilometers from Tebessa.

"We got used to going out on patrols looking for German paratroopers. I got some target practice. Used to shoot trees and cans and paper and little white rocks and things. We never did see any paratroopers, but except for 10 rounds they gave us in England that was about all the shooting I ever did. I did shoot at some Arabs one time later but I wasn't trying to hit them. We had orders not to allow Arabs around our lines."

After little more than a month of guard duty and patrol work, Jim and his outfit went into the line. They were in support, and on the first day some Jerry tanks chased the assault battalion back on them but American tanks came up and knocked the Jerries out. Jim could see the Jerry tanks burning. Jim's squad went out on patrol and stayed three days but not much happened except that he found how hard it is to dig a foxhole in Tunisia. "I got down six inches and couldn't go any deeper."

At Sidi Bou Zid the battalion reformed its scout platoon. Jim was part of that. "We were supposed to have six weeks training," he said. "We had three hours." One time the platoon ran into trouble and it looked like Jim was going to get a chance at fighting the war. He and a couple of other guys were out investigating some Jerry flares when the rest of the bunch hit a Jerry patrol. There was a moon and the valley was light, and in the fight that developed a lieutenant and a sergeant were hit.

"When we got back to the platoon the shooting was over, but the lieutenant and the sergeant and their guns were still lying out there." Jim remembers. "So a couple of other fellows and myself went up and brought back the guns. The lieutenant had been hit in the face and the sergeant was cut right across the chest. Must have been burp guns. Later we came back with a couple of jeeps mounting .50s and brought in the bodies."

Just after that came the end of combat for Jim. When he and the rest of the outpost began their retreat, they were supposed to have already been surrounded for three days. After dawn on Wednesday morning it didn't make any difference anymore.

"It was Rommel's *Panzer* outfit, I guess. They made us come up to where they were and then they started going over us, looking for watches and things. They took GI watches and personal watches and they'd have got mine except that I had it in my pocket instead of on my wrist. I bought that watch in England; still got it, too.

"Some of our boys were pretty far gone for water, and the Germans gave them just about all the water they had. We were all right, though, because we'd had those two cans with us on the outpost. I never had seen a live German up close before but I certainly wasn't scared of those people. They looked just like anybody else. At least they didn't look like supermen; but I already knew that because I'd seen a few dead ones."

The first 42 hours Jim spent as a prisoner were spent walking. All of them were hunting for food and water long before they reached the end of the march at Sfax, and for the first time Jim heard a German expression he was to hear time after time during the next 26 months: "Just three more kilometers and there will be hot food and a warm bed." "I don't know why they always said 'Just three more.' It never was."

From Sfax Jim went by truck to Tunis where he and the rest were held about two weeks. "We had enough food to sample." Then he was flown to Naples in a DJU-52.

It was in Naples things began to get critical.

"They took our money away from us—what they hadn't taken before. We were supposed to get receipts, but of course we never saw any receipts.

"There was never enough food and the guys started stealing Red Cross parcels from each other. I had a parcel and a half stolen from under my head while I was sleeping. Another boy tied a rope around his parcel and looped the other end around his neck and went to bed with the parcel as a pillow. That night somebody stole the parcel and almost choked him to death, trying to get away with it. I guess a hungry man just hasn't got very many principles."

When American prisoners left Naples the Germans paraded them through the streets to the railway station. Jim remembers it well: "The Italians threw rotten tomatoes and fish at us and spit in our faces."

It was a four-day trip from Naples to *Stalag* VII-A in Germany and the weather was bitterly cold. When Jim was captured he was wearing no underwear, so his clothing consisted only of ODs and a field jacket. Thirty-six men to a boxcar never generated enough body heat to keep warm.

At VII-A they were deloused, registered with the International Red Cross, fingerprinted and photographed. They were also issued clothing. "They gave us whatever clothes we needed; overcoats, hats, and whatnot. I drew a French overcoat. Some of the boys got Polish pants. It was all confiscated stuff. They also gave us shoes, wooden-soled German shoes. We took them be-

"As soon as we'd eat we'd usually go right to bed. We were too tired to do anything else."

cause we wanted to save our own GIs, and wooden shoes were good for running to the latrine."

At VII-A the first *Kommando* was selected. This is the German term for working party, and working parties for PWs were compulsory.

"They sure used a funny system for getting guys on that first one," Jim recalled. "Some officer told us to take off our hats. We did. Then he went down the line and picked out all the blond guys for *Kommando*. Don't ask me why."

From VII-A they were moved to another *Stalag* —V-B, at Villingen, southwest of Stuttgart. Although they were supposed to be there for only a short time, malaria broke out and Jim and his group were quarantined for five or six weeks.

Finally about 310 were taken out on *Kommando* to Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance. The job was construction.

"We never did know what we were building, but we thought it was some kind of waterworks. There were a lot of pipes from the lake. There was a lot of sabotage there too. Guys would crack pipes and leave tools and things inside them so they'd clog up.

"We fouled off plenty. We had a *Feldwebel* —non-com—guarding us and he was pretty strict about Geneva Convention rules, so everytime it rained we'd start yelling to come in and he'd take us in. After a little while all other workers—slave laborers—would start coming in too. Finally even the German workers stopped work everytime it sprinkled.

"A contractor, a guy named *Herr* Funk, refused to renew the contract because he said he never would get the thing finished if we stayed there. We didn't get paid for the last month either, but nobody worried about it because the pay was in marks anyway." Jim was in Friedrichshafen on *Kommando* three months. He lived in barracks housing about 300 people, sleeping in double-decker bunks placed so close together that he couldn't walk between them. "I met lice for the first time there, too."

When he first arrived, there was one latrine for 300 men. "The boys got the GIs, and you'd get up in the middle of the night and have to sweat out a line a block long."

Jim was sent to *Stalag* II-B, and was there for two days, and was picked for another *Kommando*, this time on a farm in Pomerania a few miles from the Baltic Sea. He was there for 18 months. "It was quite a good-sized farm, wheat and barley and flax; but rye and potatoes were the main crops. There were 10 of us GIs in the beginning, with 14 Frenchmen and 18 civilians. We did the usual sort of farm work, shocked grain and all that kind of stuff."

Working hours on the farm changed with the seasons. Jim and the others spent 10 hours a day in the fields in the summer, nine hours for two months as the days grew shorter, then eight hours during another two months, and finally, for one month, seven hours.

"As soon as we'd eat we'd usually go right to bed. We were too tired to do anything else."

On *Kommando* there wasn't much variety in reading material at first but the Red Cross came through with some stuff later and then it wasn't so bad. There was Ellery Queen and there were some works of biography, some Shakespeare, some legitimate novels and a few comics.

"I read the New Testament all the way through," Jim said simply. And then he added a little incredulously: "I even read 'Romeo and Juliet' too."

The months dragged. "Guys would argue. They'd argue about anything on earth—how to operate equipment on a farm, who made the longest nonstop flight on record, when to plant tomatoes, what time it was in Chicago. They'd tell tales about things they did back home."

Most of the time the food was adequate, but sometimes there would be serious shortages when Red Cross packages failed to arrive.

"It didn't bother me much, but when cigarettes ran out I've seen guys smoke bark and tea leaves. I've seen 'em fight over a cigarette, and I mean fight with their fists. Some of the guys here say they've seen boys smoke soluble coffee; I never saw that, but I wouldn't doubt it."

For men who had known freedom all their life, captivity was not an easy thing to swallow. For men who worked alone in their captivity it was even harder.

There was never very much departure from routine and men lived from one date to the next and then started living toward another date—when the mail came, when it was Sunday, when Red Cross packages came, when harvest was over. Occasionally, something happened.

"One day the man who owned the farm had to show his records to the *Gestapo*. They took him away. We heard that he hadn't been keeping his books straight, that he had more sheep than he put down and stuff like that. He was in jail for about eight months and then he died. They brought him home to bury him.

"Some of the Frenchmen went to the funeral. None of us did. The old man had two daughters who'd been helping him run the farm so they kept on running it after he died. They'd ride around the place and look down their noses at us—what bitches! One day a relative came to visit them and they went out in the fields where we were working and the relative said: "I see the slaves are working very well."

And so it went.

Then on February 18, 1945 the *Kommando* was recalled to a *Stalag* at Laurenburg. On March 28, 120 men began an exodus to the west. The Russians were coming. Before they were through, Jim and his fellow prisoners had walked 130 kilometers—a march across Germany that ended after five weeks of circling and dodging and being shepherded by guards who themselves did not know where they were going or when they would stop.

"When we started the Germans didn't seem very excited but they told us to get ready for a long walk. We walked for three or four days and then lay over a couple of days. One time we walked from 3 o'clock in the afternoon until 8 o'clock the next morning and we wound up three kilometers from where we started.

"We didn't know exactly what was happening but the guards found out from the civilians along the road. As things got worse for them the guards told us they were going to surrender to the Americans as soon as we got to some Americans they could surrender to.

"I got separated from the main body but I heard later that some of the boys wouldn't let the guards off that easy. They beat hell out of a few of them and then let 'em surrender."

The caravan of *Kriegsgefangenen*—prisoners of war—crossed the Elbe. Finally, on May 3, in the town of Griefen, Pvt. James McQuire once more became a free man.

"I was up a street trying to get some bread when tanks came into the town.

"I walked down to where fellows were ganged up around the tanks and we told the tankers we were glad to see 'em. We were, too, but there wasn't much excitement. We figured we'd run into 'em sooner or later; but it did feel good to see Americans. I don't remember whether it was the 7th Armored or the 3d." It was the 3d.

Jim McQuire, with 63 points, sat on his canvas cot at Lucky Strike waiting to go home. He talked about food. After 26 months of worrying about food, it was still the most important thing. At Reims a few days before he had eaten K rations for the first time.

"I thought they were good," he said naively. "Food's O.K. here, too, except they don't give you enough bread. Two slices. Ought to be at least three."

Food was more important than anything, even women.

MAIN STREE

A LOOK BACK HOME—

DENVER, COLO. A pleasant, sunny morning along 16th Street in the "metropolis of the Rockies." At right is Denver's tallest building, Daniels and Fisher Tower, and at left the famous Tabor Opera House.

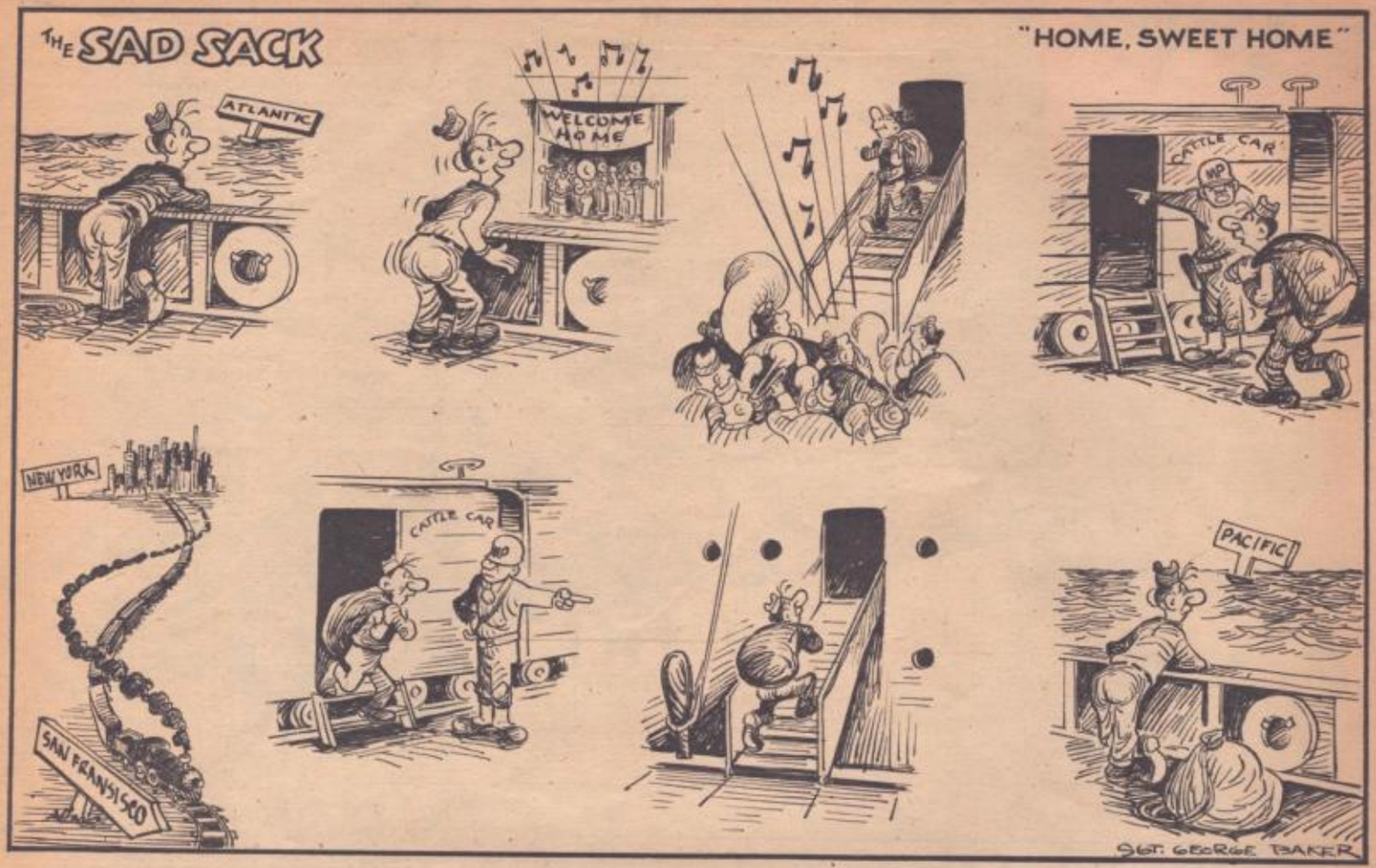
SHERIDAN, WYO. The main intersection: Main and Brundage. It was 1:45 P.M. as these three ranch hands crossed the street and an old Indian squaw stood by the lamp post waiting to see what the photographer was going to do with his camera.

TS OF AMERICA

INCE YOU WENT AWAY

BOSTON, MASS. A cool Monday afternoon along Tremont Street in the city of Cabots and chowder. In the background is the Park Street Church framed by trees of the Common. When the picture was made, flags were still at half-staff for President Roosevelt.

ST. LOUIS, MO. The camera, perched on the fifth floor of the Melbourne Hotel looks along Grand Street in the theatrical center of the Mound City. The time was 1 o'clock in the afternoon and it looked like rain as workers scurried back from lunch.



Undesirable Discharge

Dear YANK:

Prior to my Army induction over three years ago I was an enlisted man in our Navy. My service amounted to two years and seven months after which I was given an undesirable discharge for some minor peacetime infractions of the rules.

This discharge is a medium between an honorable and a dishonorable. Therefore, I would like to know if this service which I put in with good faith could be counted towards longevity pay, hash marks, overseas service and pre-Pearl Harbor ribbon, etc.

Germany —Former Sailor

■ The type of discharge you got does not affect your right to the benefits of your previous service. So long as your service was not fraudulent, you may count it towards longevity pay, the wearing of hash marks, overseas bars and the pre-Pearl Harbor (American Defense) Ribbon.

Pet Dog

Dear YANK:

During these past months I've been stationed in an isolated outpost in beautful Burma. Since I got out here I have raised a little puppy of which all the fellows have grown fond. I've had the dog from the time that his eyes were still unopened and you know how fond a fellow can get of a pet, especially a soldier in Burma.

Well, (pardon the optimism) this war can't last forever, and some day I'll be heading back for the States. I want to take the dog with me but I suppose the Army has something to say about that. I guess I could try smuggling him on board the boat but I'd rather not have to do it that way. Is there any approved way I could work the deal?

Burma —Pvt. MILES MEYERSON

■ Sorry, but there isn't much hope of getting your dog home via an Army transport. Regulations prohibit the carrying of "pets or mascots" on Army transports or vessels. In addition, members of the parrot family, including love-birds, are also excluded from such vessels. (Change 2, 7 January 1944 of *AR 55-485.*)

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Bad Time Pay

Dear YANK:

Recently I was court-martialed and I am now serving a 60-day sentence. With plenty of time on our hands my "roommates" and I have found ourselves getting into constant arguments. One of our chief points of disagreement is the right of men in our spot to overseas pay. Do we or do we not rate overseas pay for time we have spent in confinement?

Italy —Puzzled Prisoner

■ You do not. A GI who is removed from duty, under arrest, in confinement, or awaiting action of a court martial for an offense of which he is later convicted does not rate overseas pay for such periods of service. (Change 2, 21 April 1945 of *AR 35-1490.*)

The Voice

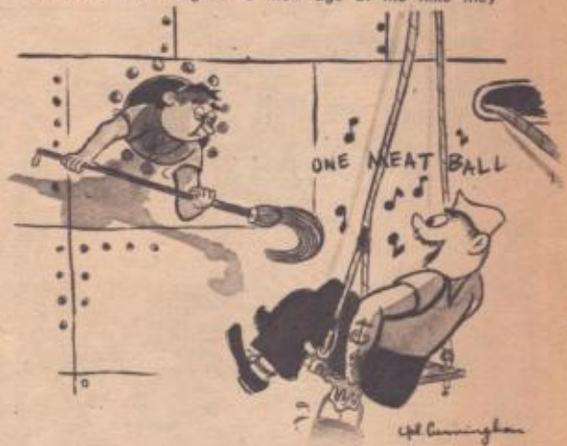
Dear YANK:

I have heard a lot about the GI Bill of Rights and about servicemen being able to finish school if they were under 26. But what I want to know is what about those of us who were over 26 and were studying voice. What happens to the hundreds of dollars we have put into it?

Does the Government help us get back to that training again? Does it help us pay for our lessons? What is to become of our voice which has lost some of the tone for not having a chance to use it during the three years we have been in service?

FPO. —H. H. HAIG S1c

■ Cheer up, the fact that you were over 25 when you entered the service does not mean that you cannot get in on the free schooling under the GI Bill of Rights. All veterans without regard to their age at the time they entered the service are entitled to at least one full year of free schooling (providing of course they are not dishonorably discharged and have at least 90 days of service). Further, if you can show that your education was interrupted by your entry into service you will become entitled to additional periods of schooling up to a maximum of four full years of training. There are no restrictions in the law against the veteran studying any subject he wishes to select. If it's voice you want it is yours for the asking.



Discharge Button

Dear YANK:

I have had a couple of tough breaks and I expect to get a blue discharge (without honor) in a few months. If I do will I be permitted to wear the lapel discharge emblem all guys get when they get out?

Alaska —(Name Withheld)

■ No, you will not. Only veterans who receive honorable discharges are entitled to wear the lapel emblem.

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

GI JOSEPHINE

I never thought I'd care to
Have to wear my hair to
Meet a regulation.
Nor did I think that I'd enjoy
PTing so my avoirdupois
Would meet a stipulation.
I knew darn well I wouldn't cater
To Kitchen Police with CQ later.
Or:
Barracks detail,
Retreat and drill,
Shots and checkups,
Till I'm ill.
I anticipated I'd abhor
The all too wordy A's of War.
Yet, I enlisted, I'm a Wac,
With GI shoes and "Aching Back."
I stand retreat, I snap salutes,
I pull KP in GI boots.
And the gratitude I glean from this
Fills my spangled heart with bliss.
For when my weary arms are twisted,
When troubles plague my tired joints,
Some GI sneers, "Well, *you* enlisted."
And I recount my 13 points.

Minter Field, Calif. —Pvt. BETTIANNE FOSTER

"Boyish charm, hell! I say it's behavior unbecoming an officer!" —Pfc. Bark Yeatts, Keesler Field, Miss.

SWAN SONG

Newly commissioned officers
(At least it was reputed)
Gave the first GI that they met
A buck when he saluted.

I'm being discharged any day,
I'm happy as a twister.
I'll gladly give a dollar to
The first guy who says "Mister."

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. IRVING CARESS

All I Got I Earnt

No one could deny that Harkilroid was a good payroll clerk, but no one could deny that buck sergeant was a good enough (if not too high) rank for the job—except Harkilroid. He thought he deserved more and he didn't keep very quiet about it.

Every time ratings came out and Harkilroid didn't see his name on the list, he'd immediately start bitching and looking around the orderly room to see who might have had anything to do with keeping him from getting a promotion. "I can't understand it," he'd say when he got back to the barracks. "I sweat like a dog to get that payroll out, and it is very seldom I redline anyone. I should be at least a staff. I deserve it."

We would eye our own stripeless sleeves, and say, "Geez, Harkilroid, you're a buck sergeant. What more can you want?"

This would infuriate Harkilroid and he would snap back, "Well, I worked for it, didn't I? I slaved for it. Nobody just handed it to me. All I got I earnt," he'd say.

That usually ended the argument, because no one wanted to hurt the guy's feelings and there had been instances in the past when he could redline you if he felt mean enough.

It usually took Harkilroid about 15 days to get over his mad. Then he'd throw himself into his work getting out the next payroll and there would be a let-up around the orderly room. As ratings got fewer and fewer (it got to a point where you couldn't get a promotion unless another guy was busted), Harkilroid became more and more disagreeable. His inferiority complex grew to such proportions that it was impossible to carry on a conversation in the orderly room without his stopping his work and running over to listen in.

One day the first sergeant was talking to Branowitz, the sergeant major, a new staff who had been shipped into our already bulging T/O much to Harkilroid's discomfort. Harkilroid had finished his work, so he walked over and took a seat with them.

"If you don't mind," the first sergeant said to Harkilroid testily, "you will kindly not interrupt my conversations which are private or else you will find yourself a private."

Harkilroid ignored the first sergeant (he wasn't afraid of anyone, he claimed) and began to clean his nails with the sergeant's paperfile. The first sergeant began to fume. The hair in his nose stuck out like porcupine quills.

"Kindly go back to your payrolls, Harkilroid," said the first sergeant.

"I have finished them," Harkilroid said, "two days ahead of time."

The first sergeant balked for a minute, then his eyes lit up. "That is good," he said. "My drill sergeant is going on three-day pass today, so's you can take over his job."

Harkilroid rose to his full five feet seven and his face reddened. "You have got it in for me, sergeant," he said, and he stomped out.

Harkilroid pulled the three days as drill sergeant and he was merciless with his men. He marched them until the dust covered the drill field like a smoke screen. Then he sulkily reported back to the orderly room. Everyone sensed that he'd get even with the first sergeant, and he did. He redlined him.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back. The CO, who was married to the first sergeant's sister, called in Harkilroid and busted him, and on his way out Harkilroid threw the entire weight of his 112 pounds against the first sergeant for one good poke on the chin. We carried him to the guard house kicking and screaming. There was quite a court martial, but due to Harkilroid's past record as a good payroll clerk he got off with six months.

Now almost every day he goes out with a detail that is beautifying the post and whenever you pass him you can hear him argue with the guard about the unfair treatment he got. "I worked and I slaved," Harkilroid will say, "and this is what I got. Well, anyway, all I got I earnt."

Detroit, Mich. —S/Sgt. GORDON CROWE

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon together with the mailing address on your latest YANK to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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THE USUAL THING

I lie between clean sheets,
I walk in well-cut grass,
And eat good fruits and meat
And shudder at a pass.

Withdrawing into good,
I stand alone at last,
And pure beneath the sun
I count the days go past.

The big eye of the sun
Contains a red red passion—
It glares so vacantly,
A victim of irration.

The days are very long and
The nights are spent in sadness
And the only cure I've ever found
For madness has been madness.

Moore Gen. Hosp., N. C. —Pfc. GLORIA MARCHISIO

GUARD

I stand on the crest of the hill
While below and around me
Tired soldiers are sleeping,
Their bodies relaxed,
Restoring spent energy.

Night appears,
Trailing her draperies across the sky.
In the ebony heavens a lone star emerges
Followed by others in quick succession,
A million Kohinoors
Suspended in space.
Trees and shrubs harmless in daytime
Change to giants and crouching creatures.
A gossamer mist steals down the hills,
Fringing the swamp in drifts of unearthly beauty.

I am a lone spectator to a play
With nature and night as the setting.

Unexpectedly
A night-bird dips across the clearing,
Its eerie cry breaking the silence
Like the sudden sound of pebbles
Against a window pane.
As though by a preconceived signal
Lusty frogs harump themselves hoarse.
From the nearby shadows
Winged tree-dwellers whimper and scold
And a small furry shape bounds in front of me,
Its flash of movement returning me to reality.
Now nature settles back into the arms of night
While I, shifting my rifle,
Warily continue walking my appointed post.

Fort Sill, Okla. —Pvt. GENE WIERBACH

—Cpl. Joseph Cunningha

Cpl. Carlson's outfit spread its blankets to dry in Nantes last August after landing in France.

This sketch of a bivouac area in Germany was made by Cpl. Carlson just before he and the 8th Armored Division crossed the Rhine last March.

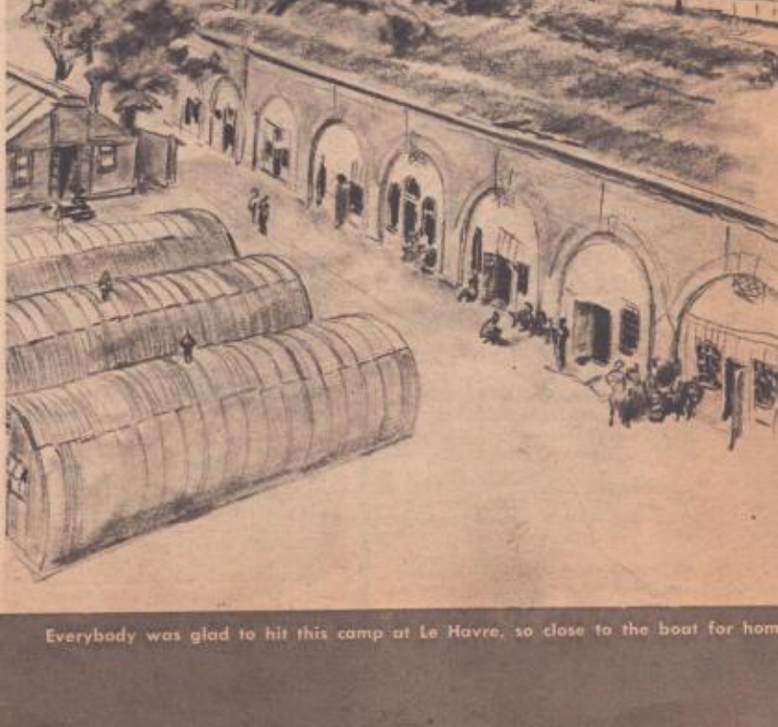
Before VE-Day, Cpl. Carlson headed for the States. He drew this one on the train that took him, third class, from Munster to the port of Le Havre.

Sketch book

OF A REDEPLOYED GI

Cpl. Ralph E. Carlson of the 8th Armored Division made these drawings during the months he was moving up to combat and back to the POE.

Cpl. Carlson's artillery unit ate at this kitchen near Haberstadt, Germany.



Everybody was glad to hit this camp at Le Havre, so close to the boat for hom

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

BOTH Red the Bugler and Pvt. Myron Hart are detailed to the chicken farm run by and for the U. S. Army on New Caledonia. See page 5 for more bucolic pictures by Sgt. Lon Wilson.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Lee Wilson. 2—U. S. Marine Corps. 3—Sgt. Dil Ferris. 4 & 5—Sgt. Wilson. 6, 7 & 8—Pvt. George Aarons. 9—Cpl. Roger Wrenn. 12—Upper, Sgt. Ralph Stein; lower, Pvt. Aarons. 13—Upper, Pvt. Aarons; lower, Sgt. John Frano. 29—Columbia. 21—INP. 23—Sgt. Frano.

Points and More Points

Dear YANK:

The 12 points given per child in the current demobilization plan is grossly unfair to the majority of GIs overseas.

Many of the offspring were secured after the attack on Pearl Harbor. In the meantime, while the war was in its most discouraging stages, a majority of these timid individuals failed to be drafted or obtained deferments while the childless man had to shoulder the gun.

According to the present plan of demobilization these men last to be drafted shall be the first to be discharged. Is this fair to the GI who perhaps cannot help it that he is childless; or to the man with a long service record; or the man who has spent long lonesome months on distant outposts; or the man who has repeatedly risked his life on beachheads and in combat?

. . . In the preparation of this demobilization plan it has been reported that a poll was taken among GIs to determine the fairest way of releasing men. We wonder where this poll was taken—in a maternity ward? . . .

Palau —Pfc. PAUL ORGAN

Dear YANK:

Who remembers the pre-Pearl Harbor fathers? Not the War Department. Only our wives and children. The point system is decidedly unfair to that forgotten class of men who began homes and families up to 10 years before war broke out.

. . . This writer believes one-half of the armed forces feels that dependency should be the first consideration for release. Why not give, say, 25 points to each pre-Pearl Harbor father to make up for the handicap of being the last to be called?

I am a married man, 36 years old, with two boys 12 and 6 years old. I have served in the Army for 18 months, of which 11 were overseas.

I would like to know of any case of a drafted pre-Pearl Harbor father who is eligible for release under the present point system.

Marianas —Pfc. W. L. STOKES

Dear YANK:

The point system is the fairest method of discharge that could have been devised for the armed forces. However, I have one suggestion to make. I believe that the GIs garrisoning barren outposts should be given the equivalent in points of one battle star for each 12 months spent on this remote duty. As the system now stands, a joe who spends the duration in Hawaii and other civilized posts overseas is getting point consideration equal to an outfit that endures a tropical coral rock or frigid northern iceberg with no civilization other than what they make themselves. . . .

Palau —Pfc. BOB WEYER*

*Also signed by five others.

Dear YANK:

The 85-point total required for a discharge is ridiculously small compared to the totals amassed by most of the men in the Air Forces due to their large number of battle stars. Therefore, the total points required for the Air Forces will in all probability be raised to a much higher number than the present 85.

In the Air Forces there are many men who have been transferred from other branches of service and have not had the opportunity to accumulate battle stars (and points) as these Air Force heroes, cooks, clerks and truck drivers have.

While I do not wish to belittle the efforts of the ground crews, I do believe some provision should be made for the men who have been transferred from other branches of service and accordingly have not the battle stars, though their time overseas may be greater and services rendered just as great.

Britain —Cpl. B. E. MUSTEIKIS

Dear YANK:

. . . Why should enlisted men within the 35 to 40 age group be penalized because they used a little forethought and did not rush headlong into marriage as did some of the fellows in younger age brackets? Why should they be penalized because age and physical disqualifications confined them to the States until the War Department had reached the bottom of the manpower barrel, and as a result have no reservoir of overseas time so necessary under the present discharge set-up?

Why has no consideration been given to the fact that men in the 35 to 40 age bracket reach their highest earning peak during those years of their life? Consistent with the prosecution of the war, should not this age group be given a certain amount of consideration?

China —Sgt. OTIS D. STEEL

Dear YANK:

With the point system being the main topic of conversation in the armies all over the world, I submit a form which I believe will prove more beneficial in cases similar to mine. In my case the total number of points I have is less than my hat size according to the present system.

THE RAYMER POINT SYSTEM

Service Record	Point Value
USO Dances Attended	1
Dances With Bands	2
104s Signed	5
Phoney Passes Used (Each)	3
Combat	
Dates With Servicewomen	10
Tech Schools Attended	10
KP on Sundays or Holidays	2
Guard Duty (Per Relief)	1
Dependency	
Loans to Buddies (Never Repaid)	3
Drinks Bought for Civilians	½
Drinks Bought for Other GIs	1
Wife Living With You (Per Month)	2
Wife Living Elsewhere Per Month	10
Somebody Else's Wife	25

Philippines —Cpl. PAUL G. RAYMER

Dear YANK:

. . . The point system is completely undemocratic. I've been in the Army since late in 1940 and during my service I've tried dozens of times to go overseas and I've always been rejected for a service-incurred "Sinatra ear." I guess it's democratic for me to serve seven years in the U. S. while my brother only serves three and a half in Panama.

Camp Livingston, La. —Sgt. VICTOR HEFFERIN

Dear YANK:

I for one agree with those who say that others, not they, should get out first. The point system seems fair to me; it was devised on a democratic basis; those who have done the most get out first.

I am married. I was called up with just 21 days to go before getting my college degree. Many of my buddies will be doctors and dentists in a year (ASTP). There are plenty of bitches I can think of. But my buddy who was wounded on Saipan, who has no wife (or children), who is not crying to get out, who has none of the usual bitches about the Army, still has the right to get out before the rest of us who have done less.

Camp Davis, N. C. —Pfc. MARTIN BERNSTEIN

Not Guilty

Dear YANK:

Cpl. Irwin J. Mast stated in *Mail Call* that too often in courts martial "the accused talks his head off." I would like to add that the accused hurts himself in many instances by pleading guilty to the offense or offenses charged. According to Par. 64(a), *MCM, 1928*, "the accused has a perfect legal and moral right to enter a plea of not guilty even if he knows he is guilty." Occasionally the trial judge advocate does not produce evidence to substantiate a finding of guilty, but the court makes a finding based upon the plea alone.

If you think the court will be lenient because you entered a plea of guilty, you are wrong. Sentences are based on the Table of Maximum Punishments, *MCM, 1928*.

Be smart, plead not guilty and say nothing.

Marianas —S/Sgt. JOSEPH O. BANKS

A Message for Louis

Dear YANK:

I left my home base a little over a week ago in order to attend OCS here in Des Moines. My orders read that I was to report not before the 3d nor after the 4th—not very much leeway but as I was arriving on the 3d, it didn't bother me in the least—even though I would spend the night of the 3d in Des Moines and report on the 4th.

When I left Kansas City there were several marines on my train. They were all boys who had just returned from two years or more of action in the Pacific and I was the first Wac they had seen, much less talked to. One of them was far from sober and succeeded in embarrassing me several times. However, there was one, a staff sergeant, who was very nice to me. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that he also was getting off at Des Moines—his home was in a little place out from Des Moines—Waterloo, I think he said. But his plans were to remain in Des Moines Saturday night also. What could have been more natural than that we should decide to have dinner together that night? But those plans were never realized! And that's where my problem comes in.

You see, the staff sergeant, whose name was Louis or maybe Lewis—but I don't know whether that was his first or his last name—went back to his car for his baggage. We were to meet in the station. But when I entered the station, I was cornered by a Wac MP who insisted that I had to report to the fort immediately—not only that but she turned me over to another Wac who was driving back to the base and that was that! Louis (Lewis) was not in the station when all this happened and I had no way of getting in touch

"I believe Gen. Le Deux overestimates the importance of our Good Conduct award."

—Cpl. Tom Flannery

WHO WANTS TO GO BACK TO WORK, ANYHOW?

Dear YANK:

It is with sadness of disillusion that I read, in the pages of YANK and elsewhere, of the so-called "benefits" that are being suggested as fitting compensation for America's returning war veterans. I do not doubt that many of the proposals thus far advanced are well meant, and they are certainly pointed in the right direction, but they fall so far short of the ideal to be sought after as to be little more, if I may coin a phrase, than a hollow mockery.

With the exception of medical care for those who need it—and that, of course, should be so thoroughly taken for granted as to be entirely removed from the field of controversy—most of the plans and proposals seem to be centered about a lump sum bonus on discharge, Government-guaranteed loans for those who want them, and educational opportunities for anyone who is interested. These things are all good as far as they go, but, as I will endeavor to point out, they do not go nearly far enough.

Let us consider first the matter of the cash bonus. Various sums have been suggested, ranging from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars. But the point that seems to be universally overlooked is that no matter what the amount is, small or large, it will sooner or later dwindle down to nothing. Thus far I have not seen anything to indicate that there will be in the post-war world a special marked-down price on commodities for war veterans, and everyone knows how little even $5,000 can be for a man who is partial to automobiles and mixed drinks. The result will be that no matter how much this bonus finally amounts to, we will in a very short time have on the nation's hands, to say nothing of its escutcheon, some few millions of penniless war veterans.

The solution of this problem is really a rather simple one, and I am a little surprised that no member of Congress has thus far hit on it. Why must we be burdened with money at all? Why not just supply each of us with a credit card, usable for all purchases and expenditures, and have the merchant send his bill directly to the Treasurer of the United States? Trade would be stimulated, as we would be able to buy freely the things we wanted without giving any thought to the grim spectre of approaching poverty. And with as formidable an institution as the United States Government guaranteeing payment, the merchants themselves would be adequately protected against default. For my own part, I am quite willing to forego all cash benefits if the Government will only agree to underwrite my modest expenditures for the rest of my life.

This system would, incidentally, eliminate the necessity for loans—and a very good thing. There are people, I know, who are stimulated by debt, and it is quite possible that there are some of these in the armed forces. As a matter of fact, I am sure that I have met a few. But in all probability most veterans will be essentially like me. I am depressed when I owe money. I worry. I lose my appetite. Last month I borrowed five pounds, and the very thought of it weighed me down so heavily that I was forced to spend the entire amount on gin. Needless to say a debt of three or four thousand dollars would be likely to bring on a nervous breakdown. Is that the way the people of the United States intend to show their gratitude to their war veterans—by oppressing them with debt, forcing them into mental institutions, and possibly even goading them on to self-destruction? For shame! How much better in every way, how much more dignified, when I want to build a house, if I simply give a contractor my specifications and tell him to go ahead and build and send the bill to Henry Morgenthau. No fuss, no worry. A clean, satisfactory transaction for all concerned.

All we need is a little forethought, the courage to break with outworn financial dogmas, and the proper spirit of gratitude on the part of the American people, and we will be able to build a very comfortable post-war world for the veterans. And even the non-veterans will benefit. Faced with the necessity of producing both for themselves and for us, they need never worry about unemployment. There will be so much to do.

The sorest point of all with me, however, is the sterile educational program, bound as it is by so many heartless restrictions. Before the war I was learning to be a hog butcher, but I can't bear the thought of going back to it. Army life has given me a new dream. Lying on my narrow bunk at night and looking at the bare barracks walls, I have been appalled by their ugliness, and it has come to me most clearly that my mission in life is to do something about the ugliness of walls in general. Designs and colors have suggested themselves to me, but I find that I do not have the necessary background to carry out my ideas. And so, after the war, I want to study wallpaper design. But under the present set-up a man of my age is only permitted one year of schooling at Government expense, and I do not feel that a year would be adequate. I need three or four, with possibly a little post-graduate work on the Continent.

Is it justice to deprive me of these three or four years of study when if it were not for my Army service I would in all probability never have wanted them? Surely the parsimony of the American taxpayers will not extend so far! And what about my wife? If I go to school to study wallpaper design, and she stays at home and cooks and remains in ignorance of the fine points of that fascinating art, a spiritual rift may develop between us, with no telling what disastrous results to a once moderately happy marriage. Surely she can come along, too. I'll carry her books.

There is just one thing, while we're on this subject. We have a small daughter who will naturally need a governess while we are at college. Someone will certainly have to look after her, or she may roam the streets and become a delinquent. I am confident that the people of the United States would not want to have that on their collective conscience.

Can anyone honestly hold that I ask too much? During these past few years I have borne heavy burdens. I have had to ride to London for my 48s in crowded trains, sometimes standing all or part of the way. On two separate and distinct occasions my sleep has been disturbed by exploding V-bombs. More times than I care to remember I have trudged a weary half mile to a mess hall, hungering for a slice of prime beef, and have got nothing for my trouble but a couple of pork chops. And these same drab clothes day after day—some might deem it unbearable, but millions of us face it with fortitude.

Are we to have our just reward, or is it the intention of an ungrateful nation that we should have to work for a living, just as we used to?

Britain —T/Sgt. THOMAS B. LOGUE

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with him. All I know was that he planned to go to the Rainbow Club—at least, he had been invited to do so and I had also.

I was allowed to go into town that night. But though I called the Rainbow Club twice, I did not succeed in locating the sergeant.

Now this is what I would like to do—to let him know in some way that I did not just stand him up for no apparent reason—that I really had every intention of seeing him and would have done so except for one Wac MP. I don't want him to judge all members of my Corps by my apparent actions that day.

If I remember correctly, he was to report to a place in Maryland or perhaps it was Virginia, called St. Juliens or something of the sort. Would it be possible for you to publish something of this without giving my name but in such a manner that the answer, if any, would come to me through you? Then I could probably make a suitable explanation of my actions to one Marine S/Sgt. Louis (or Lewis). I would really appreciate this.

Ft. Des Moines, Iowa —(Name Withheld)

Red, White and Black

Dear YANK:

Your magazine remains consistently high as the most readable Army publication, in the writer's opinion.

Can you explain, however, why the colors of the Third Reich (red, white and black) should always appear on the back cover?

Memphis, Tenn. —Cpl. JOHN J. ROBINSON Jr.

■ In most editions of YANK, those are the only colors our printer has.

Sectional English

Dear YANK:

This argument has been going on now for a month, so we have decided to write you for the answer.

What part or parts of the U. S. speak the clearest English language, with no sliding over certain letters of the alphabet, and what part or parts of the U. S. speak English by sliding over words and lengthen the words considerably? A guy from Boston, Mass., will not say "bottle" but "bahul." It's not only Boston that we argue with, but Upper New England states and some Southern states. There are nine of us, one each from Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, South Carolina, Boston, New York, Texas and Alabama.

Philippines —Pfc. CHARLES DAVENPORT*

*Also signed by eight others.

Surrender Deal

Dear YANK:

It's plainly known that the Japs don't want to go back to their homeland once they become prisoners. Why not drop them leaflets, telling them that they will be given an island of their own after the war? It may mean we don't have to hunt and dig them out as we are now doing.

Hawaii —(Name Withheld)

10-in-1 Ration

Dear YANK:

Just read an interesting page in the Far East Edition of YANK. It concerns the 10-in-1 ration. I, too, think it's one of the best put out but, like they, I see room for improvement. Our squad thinks there should be bacon in every menu, and why not put it in a flat can instead of a round one? Something like a sardine can which after being opened could be used as a frying pan. Quite often we find ourselves without cooking utensils and have to fashion a pan of the tall round can and usually end with cut hands.

Pvt. Manley would like more chocolate instead of fruit bars. We disagree. We say more candy such as fudge and Jolly Jack bars. All we can say for the English-style stew, pork sausage, corned pork, etc., is that it makes excellent trading material.

We are cautioned throughout about malaria, yet we find no atabrine. Wouldn't it be a good idea to drop a few in?

Even without these improvements we agree it's one of the best.

Recently we were issued some C ration, the new improved C ration with jam, cereal, etc. Once you have tried it you might agree with some of us that it is running the 10-in-1 a close second.

Philippines —S/Sgt. HAROLD SLADE*

*Also signed by two others.

Colonel's Fish Pond

Dear YANK:

We have completed all of our training as required for overseas duties and are now awaiting orders, but in the meantime we participate in athletics.

Recently our athletic program has been curtailed by the commanding colonel for the purpose of building a fish pond with an arch canopy and a dancing pavilion with a smooth concrete finish.

Is officers' entertainment more important than an enlisted man's morale prior to departure for hazardous duty?

Camp Shelby, Miss. —(Name Withheld)

■ Take it from us, brother; you're better off with the fish-pond deal. It's a lot less strenuous than the PT and it offers twice as much opportunity for goofing off.

Meat Shortage

Dear YANK:

Here is something that bothers me no little bit. It all has to do with this blamed meat shortage the civilian populace is being bothered with right now. All of us so-called USO commandos on this side are lucky enough to be getting meat at least two times a day, if not three. It is my personal opinion that this is entirely too much, especially for those of us who are not in actual combat training. Personally, I would a heck of a lot better see my wife and daughter get my share. They need it a great deal more than I do. And it is a banner day indeed when they can get a skinny old piece of meat that is just about good enough for a dog.

Newport News, Va. —Sgt. JOHN F. SWEENY

Hollywood Canteen

Dear YANK:

I am just back from the movies, having walked out, with a good number of fellow sufferers, on "Hollywood Canteen."

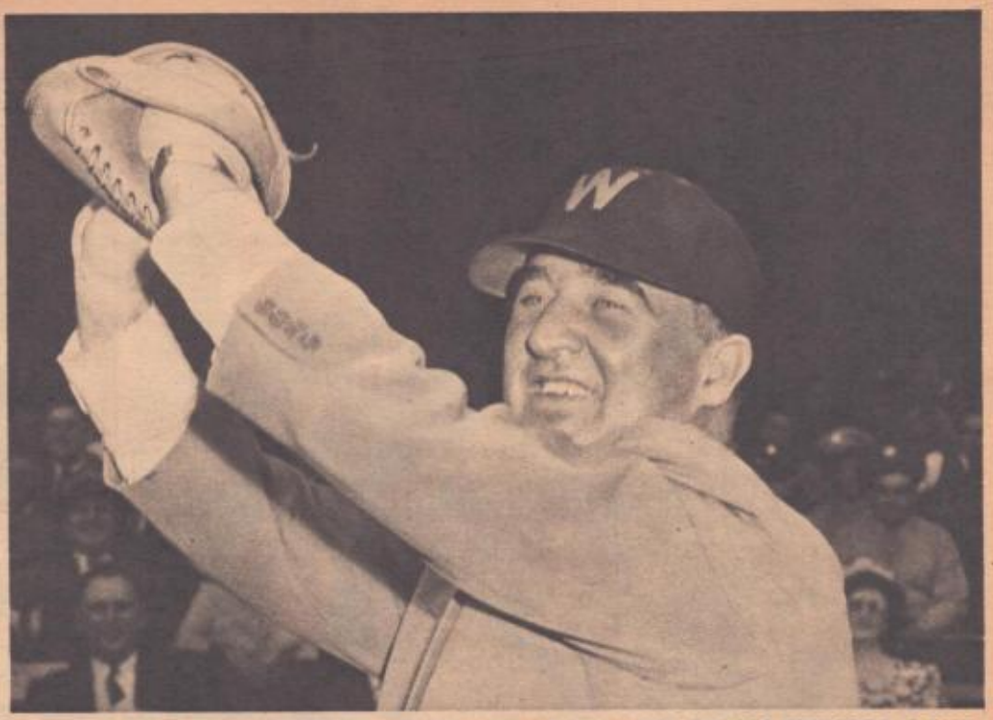
The music and the acts were professional and good, but we couldn't stomach the portrayal of our good level-headed, mature American soldiers as simple gullible fools, so awe-stricken by the sight and presence of the screen queens that they can only gulp and mutter stupidly "Oh golly," and repeat inanely to all and sundry "I kissed Joan Leslie."

To typify the American soldier as a pre-adolescent, with such an inferiority complex that he is humbly grateful for the "democracy" that motivates the movie great to speak a kind word to "ordinary fellows," is routine Hollywood treatment. It is cheap back-patting and self-glorification on the part of the film people at the expense of the dignity and stature of the American soldier.

I have no kick against the Hollywood Canteen as an institution, or against the individuals who have worked to make it a success. It is certainly bad taste, however, that the film industry should use its mighty power to publicize their one contribution when there are thousands of other worthy clubs and canteens, operated by thousands of good people throughout the land. It is worse than bad taste to do it in such an offensive and patronizing manner, as of a queen bestowing gracious favors on her humble and grateful subjects.

India —Cpl. R. J. HINE

Ann Miller
YANK
Pin-up Girl



HAPPY CHANDLER WAS QUITE A PITCHER HIMSELF IN HIS COLLEGE DAYS

Baseball's New Czar

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Sports Editor

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Hiram Johnson, the veteran Republican senator from California, made a speech in the Senate when he heard that his colleague, A. B. (Happy) Chandler of Kentucky had been selected to succeed the late Judge Keneshaw M. Landis as baseball commissioner. "I'm very proud that my friend from Kentucky will be in charge of this great sport," Johnson announced. "He is a man of undisputed guts, stands on his own feet and permits himself no favoritism."

Since then Happy has been kept busy trying to live up to that estimate of himself while defending his recent comments on gambling among baseball players, the future of Negroes in major-league baseball and his right to hold on to his berth in the Senate while serving as guardian of the national pastime.

"I used to think that the political writers were tough," says Chandler. "But I don't think that they're as tough as some of the sports writers. Fellows like Grantland Rice and Vincent Flaherty of the Washington *Times Herald* who know me have been swell. Others who don't even know me and haven't attended the press conferences I've held, have misconstrued my remarks and reprinted only part of what I have said in reply to the questions I have been asked. That's not fair. Why don't they give me a chance to take over the job? The Judge hadn't settled some of these problems in all the years he was on the job. Why should they expect me to settle them in a couple of weeks?"

The horse-racing people took exception to his suggestion that ball players should stay away from gamblers and refrain from betting on the horses. "I can't and don't intend to be lenient just because I'm from a horse-racing state," he says. "That's my obligation to baseball and the American people.

"Some of the finest men I know are in the racing industry. But gamblers must not and will not get into baseball and my advice to ball players and umpires is to stay away from race tracks. I like horse racing and used to go to the Kentucky Derby every year, but I don't intend to ask the players to do anything I wouldn't do. So I'm going to stay away from racing myself."

James T. Cosgrove, a Syracuse, N. Y., baseball fan, wrote Chandler that he had read "with amazement" of his intention of remaining as a member of the U. S. Senate while being employed as commissioner of baseball. Chandler replied, "Let me say that I have no intention of serving in the United States Senate as a lobbyist for professional baseball. The baseball folk do not expect that and my constituents in Kentucky do not deserve it.

"The people in Kentucky have urgently requested me to stay in the Senate and I was elected to represent them. Baseball folk have apparently wanted me to stay here. As a matter of fact, I have a precedent in that Judge Landis remained on the Federal bench some 15 months after he became commissioner of baseball after the first World War."

Chandler probably won't resign as the Senator from Kentucky to devote all his time to his new job until it is possible for Kentucky to hold a special election. Happy's term doesn't expire until January of 1949, but if he were to resign now it would be possible for Gov. Simeon Willis, a Republican, to appoint a Republican to succeed him. There's a Kentucky law which forbids the holding of special national elections the same year local elections are held. The Kentucky Democrats don't want a Republican appointed and have put pressure on Chandler to remain in office until some undetermined later date.

Problems facing Chandler when he is able to devote full time to the baseball job include the demand for tryouts for Negro baseball players in the major leagues, the future of former baseball players now in the armed forces and the attitude organized baseball will take toward the signing of high-school and college stars to contracts before their school careers are over.

"We've got to find places for the ball players, all the ball players, when they come back from the service," Chandler says. "We've got to encourage the organization of new minor leagues so that there will be places for them to play. If some of the players have been physically disabled but want to stay in baseball, then it's up to us to find some kind of jobs for them. We owe them that much. There's plenty for us to do."

Happy plans to suggest to the club owners that they adopt a hands-off policy on high-school and college athletes until they have finished their schooling.

"I think this ought to be done. I'm sure that the club owners will want to take such a step."

CHANDLER is the type of Southerner who is easy to know and he likes people. He also likes to sing anytime he's asked, and sometimes when he isn't asked, in a rich tenor voice. His favorite songs are "Hangman, Hangman," "Gold Mine in the Sky," and "My Old Kentucky Home." He confesses that one of his most enjoyable experiences in recent years was a short singing tour of the camps and hospitals that he took with Bing Crosby.

Next to people and singing he loves sports. Although he is a grandfather at 47, he still plays baseball and basketball with his sons. He played golf regularly until his Senatorial duties claimed too much of his time. Framed on his office wall is a signed score card showing a very respectable 74 at the difficult White Sulphur Springs course in West Virginia.

Happy has his favorite superstition. It's white horses. Whenever he sees one he stamps his left palm with his right fist, smiles and says, "Just for luck." When he was inaugurated as governor of Kentucky in 1935 he drove to the capitol building in a hack drawn by four dapple-gray horses. He was disappointed because he couldn't find a team of whites.

Chandler was an excellent high-school athlete at Corydon (Ky.) High School, but he probably never would have gone to college if it hadn't been for his singing voice. Dr. Homer Carpenter, a Kentucky preacher, and Kenneth Brown, president of the College of the Bible, heard him sing at a church meeting. They encouraged him to enroll at Transylvania, a small college in Lexington maintained by the Christian Church.

The high-school letters he earned in football, basketball, baseball and cross-country meant nothing at Transylvania financially. The college had no athletic scholarships. At Lexington they say he arrived on the campus there with nothing but an old red sweater, a five-dollar bill and a big smile. (His job as baseball commissioner pays $50,000 a year for the next seven years.) He worked in a coal mine a couple of summers, sold newspapers, waited on table in a boarding house and played semi-pro baseball for good money in Grafton, S. D., one summer.

At Transylvania, Chandler played football, was chosen All-Kentucky guard in basketball and once won a five-mile cross-country run in Lexington. "I beat a Jap," he says. "His name was Shirati Inamuro."

However, it was in baseball that young Chandler reached his peak as a college athlete. "Best game I ever pitched? I beat the University of Tennessee, 10-4. That may not mean much to you, but it was quite a thing for Transylvania to beat Tennessee. They had a real good ball club. Frank Calloway, who later played shortstop for the Chicago White Sox, was on that team."

After graduation Happy went to Harvard Law School for a year. While there he coached the Wellesley (Mass.) High School football team and scouted Harvard for Centre College. The Colonels defeated Harvard that fall, 6 to 0.

Attending the University of Kentucky Law School the following year, Chandler coached at Centre College. He continued to coach in his spare time at Versailles High School, Masse School and the University of Kentucky long after he had set up in law with Field McCleod, a veteran lawyer, in Versailles. In fact, he didn't quit until 1932 when his duties as lieutenant governor demanded all of his time.

His rise in politics has been rapid. Since 1929 he has been a state senator, lieutenant governor, governor and U. S. senator, but of all these jobs he has finished only one, that of lieutenant governor, before the voters promoted him to another.

Nobody realizes better than Chandler himself that he isn't another Landis. "The Judge did a great job," he says. "I never could hope to be like him. I'm just Happy Chandler and I will handle the problems in my own way."

THREE years after she was born in Houston, Tex., Ann Miller began dancing. She hasn't stopped since. Her latest appearance is in Columbia Pictures' "Eve Knew Her Apples." Ann is 22 years old and a brunette with blue eyes. She is 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She practices dancing four hours a day when not working in the movies.

"Beautiful view. Is there one for the enlisted men?"

"I'm jest a country doctor. If ya don't mind, I'll consult wit' Pfc. Johnson, th' famous blister specialist."

By Sgt. BILL MAULDIN

The famous GI cartoonist becomes a best-selling writer with a Book of the Month which explains the ups and downs of the combat-zone routine. Here are some of its paragraphs about officers, "garritroopers" and friendship at the front.

As long as you've got to have an army you've got to have officers, so you might as well make the most of it.

The ideal officer in any army knows his business. He is firm and just. He is saluted and given the respect due a man who knows enough about war to boss soldiers around in it. He is given many privileges, which all officers are happy to accept, and he is required, in return, to give certain things which a few officers choose to ignore. I try to make life as miserable as possible for those few.

An officer is not supposed to sleep until his men are bedded down. He is not supposed to eat until he has arranged for his men to eat. He's like a prizefighter's manager. If he keeps his fighter in shape the fighter will make him successful. I respect those combat officers who feel this responsibility so strongly that many of them are killed fulfilling it.

Since I am an enlisted man, and have served under many officers, I have a great deal of respect for the good ones and a great deal of contempt for the bad ones. A man accepts a commission with his eyes open and, if he does not intend to take responsibilities as well as privileges, he is far lower than the buck private who realizes his own limitations and keeps that rank.

I never worry about hurting the feelings of the good officers when I draw officer cartoons. I build a shoe, and if somebody wants to put it on and loudly announce that it fits, that's his own affair.

A few of them have done it, to the subsequent enjoyment of the guys who read the letters to the editor in the Mail Call section of *Stars and Stripes*. One poor lieutenant—let's call him Smith to be on the safe side—wrote that instead of picking on officers I should stop and consider the stupid antics of enlisted men whom he had observed in his three years' service. Several letters came back—not defending me, but putting the blast on the lieutenant for being foolish enough to call soldiers stupid. I remember one of the letters very well. It began:

"... I pick up the October 23d issue of *Stars and Stripes* and what do I see but a letter from my old pal, Lt. Smith. The last I heard from 'Stinky' Smith, he was studying for his third attempt to make a score of 110 in his General Classification test in order to qualify for OCS. . . . Now, 'Stinky,' when you worked in my poultry house in 1940, picking turkeys for $14 a week, neither myself nor the other boys regarded you as a mental giant. Quite the contrary. . . ."

This undoubtedly provided the boys in Lt. Smith's outfit with considerable glee.

A very different and very interesting letter was written by a colonel of artillery. He said:

"... being Regular Army, my father before me, and his father before him, one of the first things I learned at West Point was to respect the enlisted soldier of the United States Army. . . ."

The colonel, for my money, is the perfect officer. He likes the Army, he likes his job, he likes the men under him, and he knows his business. He carries his rank easily because he is capable of earning respect without ramming his eagles down somebody's throat. I will throw the gentleman a salute any time I meet him, and I will look him in the eye while I'm doing it. The Army is his home, and while I am in it he is the host whose rules I must respect. In civilian life, if he comes into my home, I am the host, and it is obvious that he is going to be enough of a gentleman to abide by my rules.

I've thrown a drawing or two at the Regular Army, because too many mess sergeants with 30 years in the army have been made temporary majors and lieutenant colonels, and they are making the most of their moments of glory.

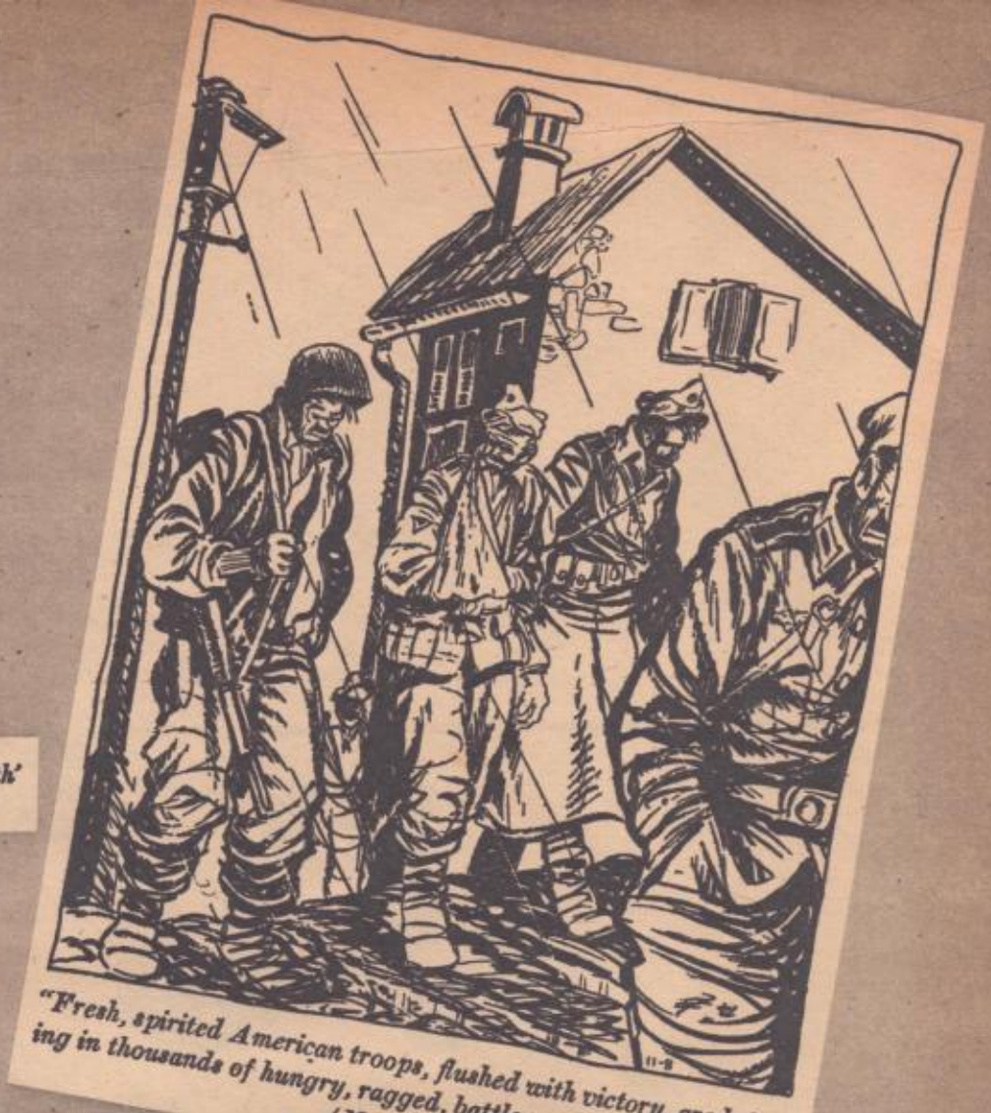
Even after four long years in the Army I still disagree with some of the officer-enlisted men traditions. But I'm not rabid about it. If the men who wrote the rules prefer their own exclusive bathrooms and latrines, that's okay with me. But if the officer is going to have a tent over his latrine in the field, how about one for me? I might not be as important as he is, but I can get just as wet. And keep him out of *my* latrine when the weather is bad, and his latrine is farther away than mine. If he wishes to eat at his own table, and wants me to wash his dishes because he has weighty problems on his mind and no time for dishwashing, then I understand. But let him keep his hands off my own kitchen's canned orange juice.

Many old-line officers are no doubt shocked at a spirit of passive rebellion which occasionally shows itself in this citizen army. That's the whole answer. It is a citizen army, and it has in its enlisted ranks many men who in civil life were not accustomed to being directed to the back door and the servant quarters. To taking orders, yes; but to taking indignities, no.

It doesn't hurt us. Nearly everybody needs a little humbling from time to time. If the Army maintains these customs to prevent undue fraternization between the ruling class and the working class, on the theory that familiarity breeds contempt, then perhaps the Army is right. But most combat outfits scrap tradition, as they scrap many other things, when they go into battle. No man who depends upon those below him—not only for his success, but for his very life—is going to abuse his men unnecessarily. Not if he has good sense.

An officer can be court-martialed for calling an enlisted man a son of a bitch, but that, coming from some sergeants who have complete mastery of the Army language, can be taken as a small compliment. Also, an officer usually lives a little apart from the boys, so if he says there's to be no gambling, it's easy enough to get a flashlight and hold an exclusive little game under a blanket.

"Now that ya mention it, Joe, it does sound like th' patter of rain on a tin roof."



"Fresh, spirited American troops, flushed with victory, are bringing in thousands of hungry, ragged, battle-weary prisoners . . ."
(News item)

BILL MAULDIN

Sgt. Bill Mauldin, GI artist who was awarded a Pulitzer prize for his work as a Mediterranean *Stars and Stripes* cartoonist, is also the author of a new book, "Up Front" (Henry Holt, $3.00). With the permission of the publisher, and United Features Syndicate, YANK reprints on these pages some writing and cartoons from "Up Front."

But a corporal, bucking for a third stripe, can crawl right in there and turn you in if he loses.

The infantry in combat doesn't worry much about rank. One company I know of had two sets of non-coms for a while. One set led squads and patrols when the outfit was committed. After the company was pulled back to a rest area, this first set lined up to be busted, and an entirely different set—those who had more of an eye for regulations and discipline—took over while the others went out and got tight.

THERE is a class of soldiers, midway between the front and rear—"too far forward to wear ties an' too far back to git shot." In this group there were a few men whose conduct, unfortunately, was taken by many combat men as typical of the entire class. I called these few men "garritroopers," to the subsequent protest of some paratroopers who felt that I had intended a crack at them. I really had not.

The garritroopers are able to look like combat men or like the rear soldiers, depending upon the current fashion trend. When the Infantry was unpublicized and the Air Forces were receiving much attention, the emphasis was on beauty, and in every Army headquarters and midway supply dump you could shave yourselves with the garritrooper's trouser creases and use his shoes for a mirror. He would not wear ordinary GI trousers and shoes, but went in for sunglasses, civilian oxfords, and officers' forest-green clothing.

Some months later the Infantry began to get attention. It didn't take the garritroopers long to switch clothes. They climbed out of the glamor rags and tossed the 20-dollar sunglasses into the gutter. "Be dirty, be rough, be scuffed," they shouted. If they rode to town on a truck, they hung their faces over the side to get a coat of dust. They let their whiskers grow. They ripped holes in their pants and pounded their shoes with rocks. You could get five fancy officers' shirts for one tattered combat jacket.

Bands of the garritroopers would hound a poor khaki-clad clerk, on his way home after a hard day at the office. They would yell, "Haw! Goddam base-section. Rear-echelon goldbrick."

The average doggie is rather surprised when he enters a town he remembers having taken last month, and finds it full of rough, bearded wild men, who seem to be in the process of taking it again, for they are yelling like hell, smashing windows and tossing empty vino bottles at "those damned rear-echelon goldbricks."

FRIENDS in war are different in many ways from friends in peacetime. You depend upon friends in war much more.

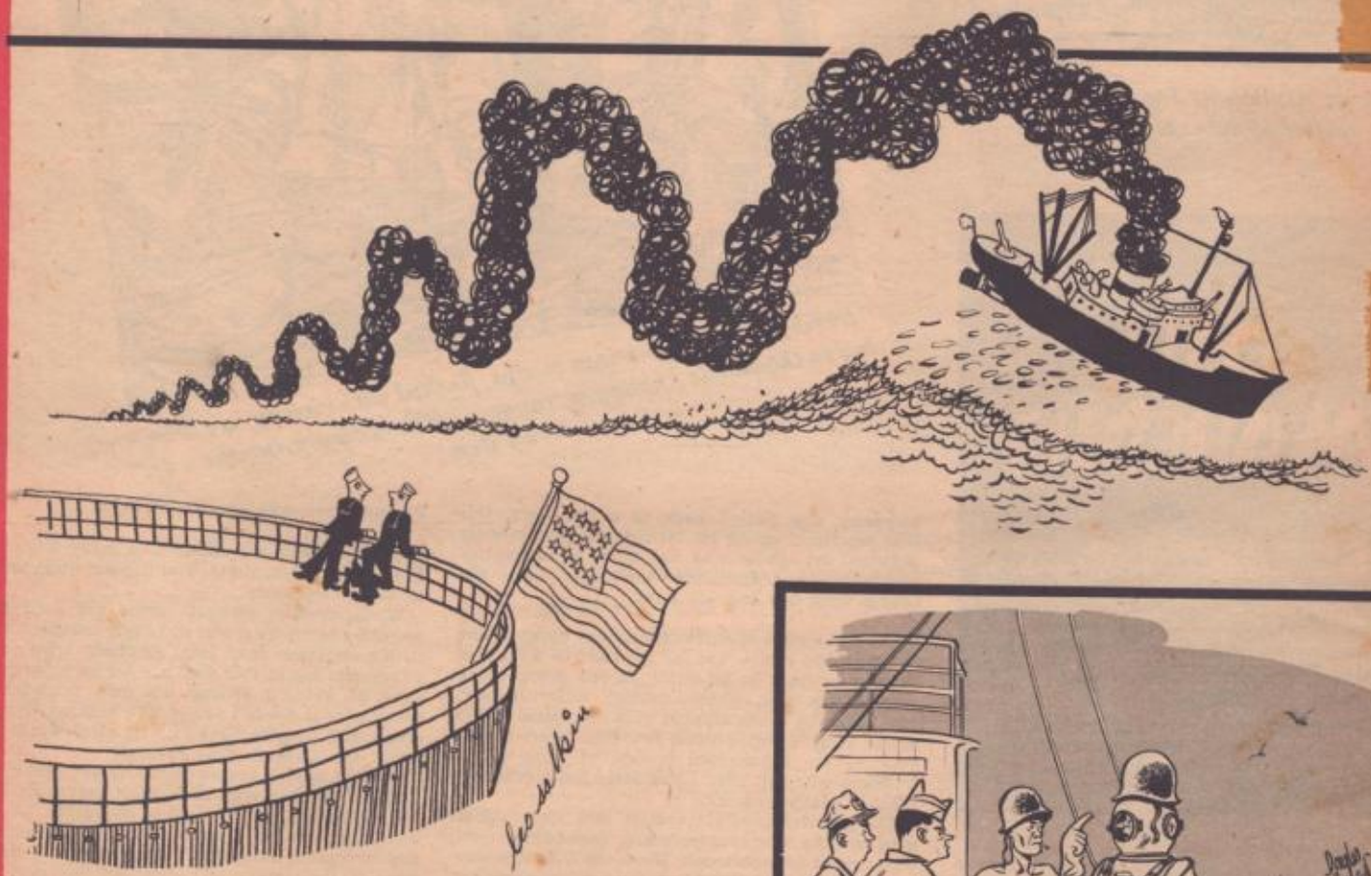
While men in combat outfits kid each other around, they have a sort of family complex about it. No outsiders may join. Anybody who does a dangerous job in this war has his own particular kind of kidding among his own friends, and sometimes it doesn't sound like kidding. Bomber crews and paratroopers and infantry squads are about the same in that respect.

Combat people are an exclusive set, and if they want to be that way, it is their privilege. They certainly earn it. New men in outfits have to work their way in slowly, but they are eventually accepted. Sometimes they have to change some of their ways of living. An introvert or a recluse is not going to last long in combat without friends, so he learns to come out of his shell. Once he has "arrived" he is pretty proud of his clique, and he in turn is chilly toward outsiders.

That's why, during some of the worst periods in Italy, many guys who had a chance to hang around a town for a few days after being discharged from a hospital where they had recovered from wounds, with nobody the wiser, didn't take advantage of it. They weren't eager to get back up and get in the war, by any means, and many of them did hang around a few days. But those who did hang around didn't feel exactly right about it, and those who went right back did it for a very simple reason—not because they felt that their presence was going to make a lot of difference in the big scheme of the war, and not to uphold the traditions of the umpteenth regiment. A lot of guys don't know the name of their regimental commander. They went back because they knew their companies were very short-handed, and they were sure that if somebody else in their own squad or section were in their own shoes, and the situation were reversed, those friends would come back to make the load lighter.

That kind of friendship and spirit is a lot more genuine and sincere and valuable than all the "war aims" and indoctrination in the world.

—Sgt. Jim Weeks



"PROBABLY A BOATLOAD OF SOLDIERS GOING HOME ON ROTATION."
—Leo Salkin PhoM3c

"THE NEW CO INSISTS WE WEAR THEM AT ALL TIMES."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

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